

DOWN THE MACKENZIE TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN—FRANK RUSSELL

BICYCLING IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY—EUGENE MAY.

Vol. 3.

JUNE.

No. 6.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
MIDLAND LIT-
ERATURE & ART



JOHNSON BRIGHAM,
PUBLISHER: 304-5
MARQUARDT: BLOCK
DES MOINES:
IOWA:

CONTENTS.

498. The Fallow Field Full Page Picture
499. Julia C. B. Dorr and Some of her Poet
Contemporaries Mary J. Reid
With Illustrations.
507. Insatiate: Prize Poem. Leigh Gordon Giltner
508. Bicycle Ride from Fort Custer to Living-
stone. With Illustrations Eugene May
515. Summer Twilight: Poem. Selden L. Whitcomb
516. Oxford and Its Students Mary Bowen
With Illustrations.
521. The Crane: Poem Herbert Bashford
522. A Naturalist's Voyage Down the Macken-
zie. With Illustrations Frank Russell
531. When Morning Comes: Poem Fanny Kennish Earl
532. Belle's Roses. I: Story E. Hough
540. Retrospection: Poem. Montgomery M. Folsom
541. The Iowa Semi-Centennial Again George F. Parker
545. On the Island: Story William Schuyler
553. Joyous Sounds: Poem Chauncey C. Jencks
554. The Nebraska and Kansas Bill of '54 Clyde B. Aitchison
559. A Day in Holland. The Editor Abroad. XIV
563. Sunset: Poem Clarence Hawkes
564. The Women's Clubs of Wisconsin. With
Portraits and Illustrations. Fanny Kennish Earl
571. Lake Minnetonka J. D. Cowles
With Illustrations.
581. Club Federation in Iowa. Ella Hamilton Durley
With Portraits.
589. The Captain of La Gascogne: Poem. H. G. H.
590. Editorial Comment. 592. Midland Book Table

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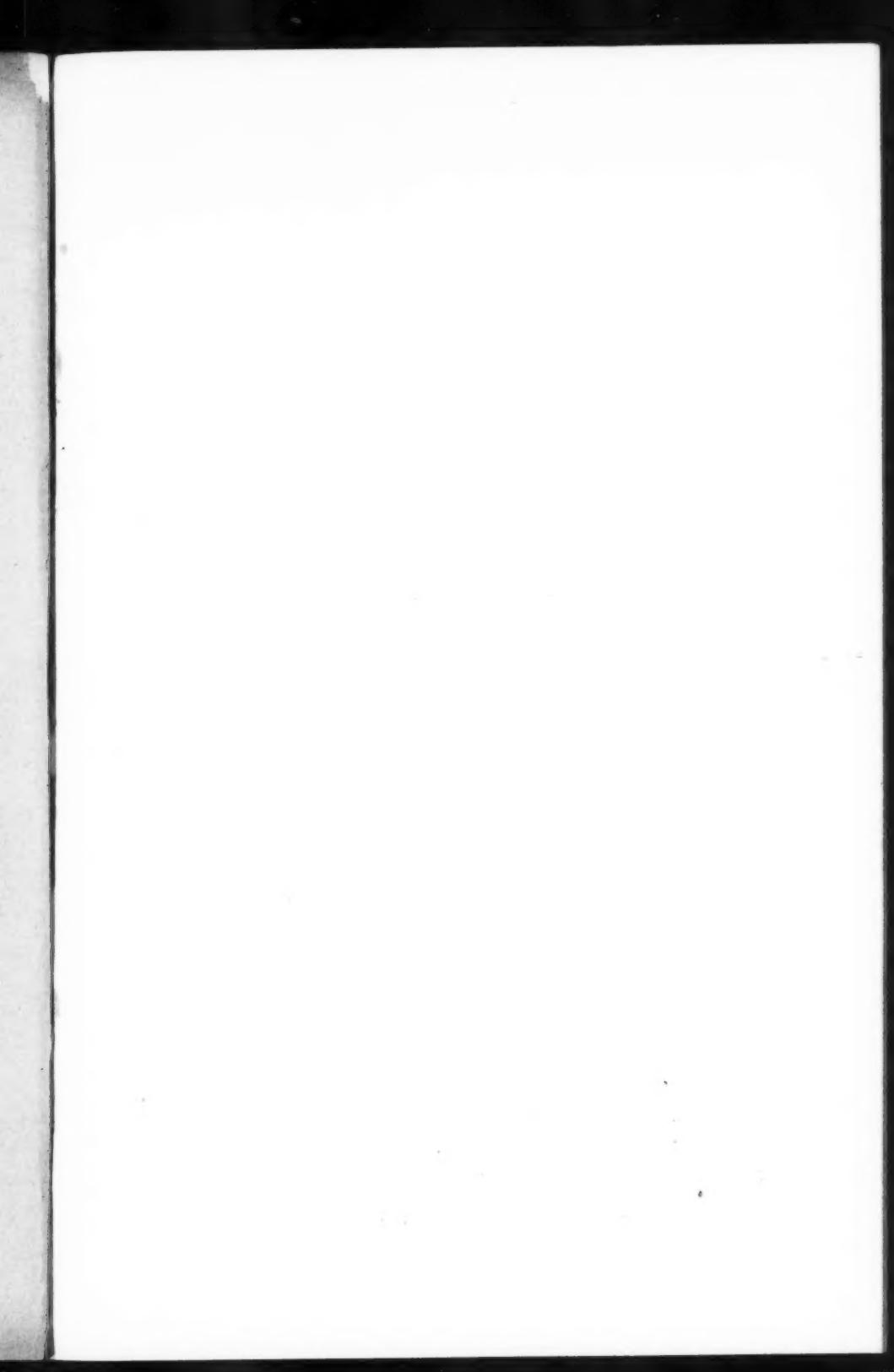
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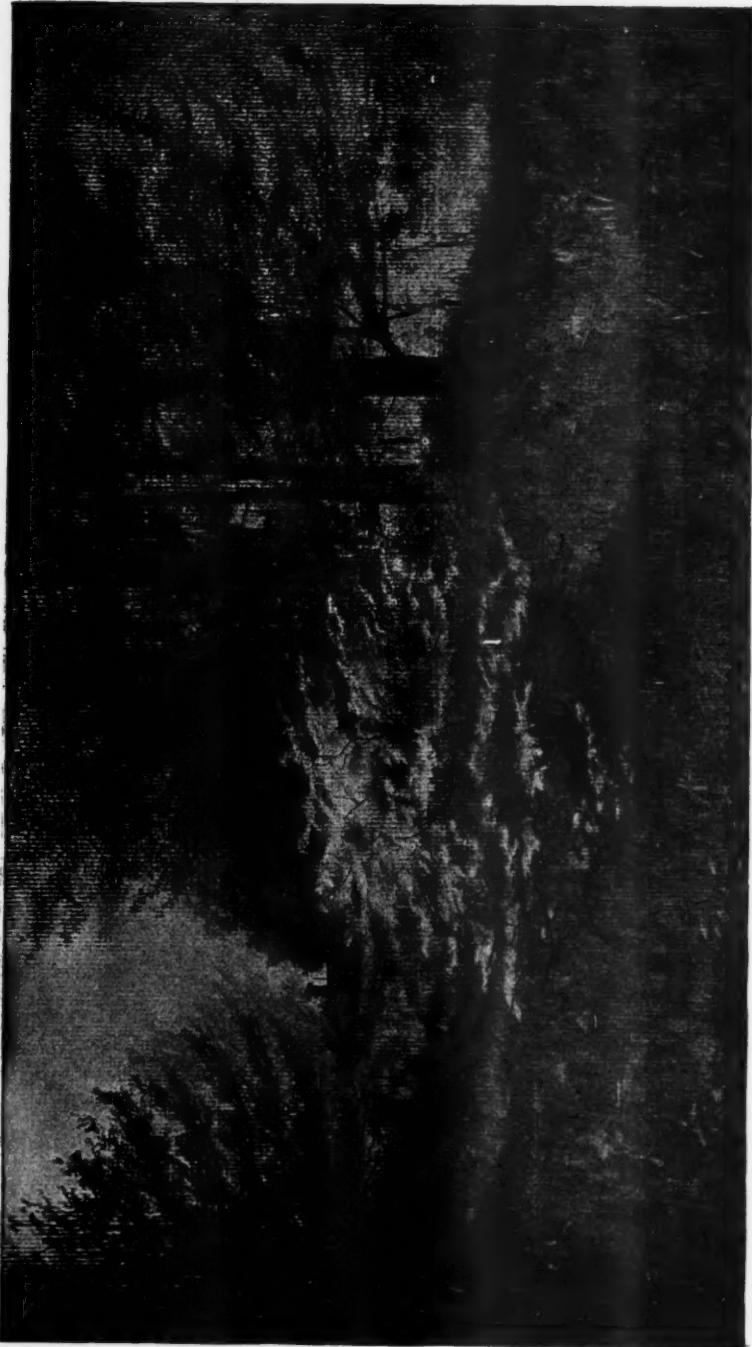
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DES MOINES, IOWA.





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THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME III.

JUNE, 1895.

NUMBER 6.

JULIA C. R. DORR AND SOME OF HER POET CONTEMPORARIES.*

BY MARY J. REID.

IT HAS been the fashion during the last decade to speak of the *Zeit Geist*, or Time Spirit, and the Spirit of the Past as if they were antagonistic. The followers of the one cry "there is no past," while the disciples of the other contemptuously remark "there is no present." To the great literary masters, however, the Past and Present—notwithstanding the gravity of the one and the volatility of the other—have always been twin souls bound to one another by a firm tendon which it would be death to the *Zeit Geist* to sever. It is true that the Time Spirit is a creature of many moods, but the world is a little too apt to take notice of its moments of passion and to ignore its hours of patient toil. If one would find the *real* soul of the period, he must not search for it among those artists and authors who may be fitly classed as annuals. Nor is the whole of it to be found in the novel which pictures, sometimes with a flare, "all the conflicts of our busy life, its eager yearnings and its wild turmoil." The by-paths of our modern human nature, its small recesses and secret caves wherein occur the minor tragedies, its petty ironies and tender surprises are to be found in the poems of American women.

From a host of women poets, I have selected the names of Helen Hunt Jackson, Celia Thaxter, Julia C. R. Dorr, Emily Dickinson, Ina

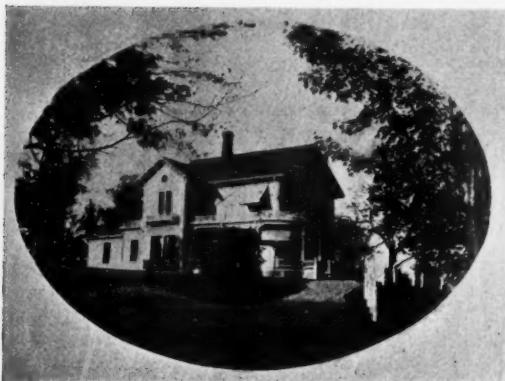
D. Coolbrith, Edith M. Thomas, Louise Imogen Guiney, Harriet Monroe, and that shy, unobtrusive writer of verses, Mary Thacher Higginson,—not because they fully represent our age, but in order to draw attention to a few types which, for the purpose of contrast and comparison, will best exemplify the gentle vivacity with which our women poets have depicted the time.

Among that generation influenced in the poetic art by Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes, which yet holds Mrs. Howe,



MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

* The writer wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Miss Lavinia Dickinson and to Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd (the one the collector and the other the editor of Emily Dickinson's Letters) for material used in this sketch in respect to Emily Dickinson.



THE MAPLES, FROM THE EAST.

Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Moulton, may be found Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. On the maternal side Mrs. Dorr is of French extraction, a recent poem, "Jacques and Suzette," being suggested by the portraits and quaint family relics which she has inherited from her grandfather and grandmother. Austin Dobson himself, the prince of *vers de société*, could scarcely have drawn a gentleman and gentlewoman of the old school with a lighter touch than the following stanzas from "Jacques and Suzette":

O chere Suzette, what years have flown
Since you and Jacques were together thrown,
And loved and quareled, and loved again.
The old, old fate of dames and men!
But there you sit in your carven shrine,
With never a thought of me or mine,

Even though beset
By your great-great-grandchildren, belle Suzette!

But grand-pere Jacques, with your curled
brown wig,
And your broad white kerchief, trim and trig,
Out of which rises your shaven chin;
With your delicate lips and your nostrils thin.
And a certain self-confident, high-bred air,
Smiling and gallant and debonair,

I wonder yet
If she made your heart ache this Suzette?

These French ancestors, however, had no part in Mrs. Dorr's literary development. Her mother died when she was but eighteen months old, and her father, William Y. Ripley (a descendant of two of the oldest families in New England), reared her in Vermont, his native state. The early home that our author remem-

bers was "a rambling country mansion, a cross between a New England farm-house and a villa." Those were days when a girl's education did not extend beyond the village academy. But the child, Julia Caroline Ripley, was allowed to read without restriction any of the books in her father's library. Under the bookshelves in one corner there was a vacant niche just large enough for a school-girl to nestle in. Before she was twelve years old she was familiar with G. P. R. James, Bulwer, Scott, and old files of the New York *Mirror*. The poets she learned to love at a later date. In describing her childish reading Mrs. Dorr once remarked: "Perhaps the meat was a trifle strong for babes. But perhaps, also, it held quite as much real nutriment as the dainty papulum served up to the children of to-day."

The home which had been associated with Mrs. Dorr's name for several decades is "The Maples," so called from four great maple trees which originally guarded the corners. It was built when her children were small, and was large and roomy to begin with, but has grown and branched like a spreading plant, seeming to feel the human interests and needs of the family, and adapting itself thereto as wing after wing was added, until now it numbers twenty picturesquely irregular rooms.

In her poem, "An Old Fashioned Garden," Mrs. Dorr has described the green retreat and the wealth of color which have made her garden quite as famous in Rutland as Celia Thaxter's on the Isle of Appledore, or Emily Dickinson's at Amherst.

'Tis a wide old garden. Not a bed
Cut here and there in the turf; instead,
The broad straight paths run east and west,
Down which two horsemen could ride abreast,
And north and south with an equal state,
From the gray stone wall to the low white
gate.

Beyond the garden lies the "Fallow Field," a sloping stony pasture, from the top of which one may see the roof of "The Maples" in the illustration. Some of this region has been described in the two poems, "The Fallow Field" and "Periwinkle,"—poems which have been exquisitely illustrated by Mrs. Dorr's artist-daughter, Mrs. Zulma de Lacy Steele, whose quaint name is a lawful inheritance from her great grandmother.

I first met Mrs. Dorr at the home of her son, Mr. Russell Dorr,—a house which is peculiarly attractive to the lovers of music in St. Paul. Without the aid of a portrait—although the photograph herein given is a remarkably good one—I can at will recall her face and figure as she looked on that October morning. The erect carriage, the gentle but stately manner, the calm blue eyes, the smiling but expressive mouth, the wide brow surmounted by puffs of white hair,—even the purple and white cashmere gown so becoming to her blonde complexion,—are sculptured in bas-relief on my memory. It was the day after Doctor Holmes's death, and naturally our conversation turned upon the dead poet. She was one of the few correspondents to whom the Autocrat wrote with his own hand. Among other incidents, Mrs. Dorr told me of a singular little occurrence which happened on Doctor Holmes's seventieth birthday. After the festivities in honor of his natal day were over, he called her aside and said :

"I have something to show you, Mrs. Dorr." From his pocket he took a little old almanac and showed her, among items of every-day interest, the words "Son b."

"That is my father's memorandum of my birth," said Doctor Holmes. "Do you see that the grains of sand with which he dried the ink are still clinging to the page?"

See how they glisten in the light!" Then he added with a humorous smile, as if he thought the *motif* too slight for her to take his words seriously, "There is a poem in that, Mrs. Dorr."

But Mrs. Dorr took Doctor Holmes's jest as a challenge and wrote upon the words "Son b" the poem entitled "Four Letters." When the proofs were sent to the Doctor before its final publication, he wrote her : "I was very much surprised to receive the proofs of your poem, 'Four Letters.' The only correction I would like to suggest is in the third line of the third stanza."

The stanza was originally written :

Thy son!—O, father, hadst thou known
What now the wide world knows of him,
How had thy great heart thrilled with joy,
How had thine eyes grown dim!

"My father," Doctor Holmes continued, "was a man of sterling character, but he was not a great man. He was, however, so conscientious that he would not wish me to claim for him anything to which he was unentitled. I would rather you would change the line to 'How had thy pulses thrilled with joy.'"

At a later date Doctor Holmes sent Mrs. Dorr a photograph of the page written by his father. Only four impressions were made—one for Mrs. Holmes, one for each of his children, and one for Mrs. Dorr, and then he destroyed the plate.

Perhaps it is our author's ideal life, the French blood inherited from her grand-



GLIMPSE OF THE CONSERVATORY AT "THE MAPLES."

parents, or her position as the protectress of literature and art in Vermont, which has given her a youthful heart,—causation being a difficult study when applied to poets,—but it is certain that, without detracting from the individuality or originality of either, her later poems, such as “A Mater Dolorosa,” “Supplication,” and “When Spenser Died,” seem quite as modern as Miss Guiney’s “For Izaak Walton,” “Tryste Noel,” and “The Vigil-at-Arms,” lately published in “A Roadside Harp.” But when I say that Mrs. Dorr’s poems are as *modern* as those of Miss Guiney, I do not mean to imply that there is much, if any, similarity in their themes, styles or workmanship. Miss Guiney’s thought is sometimes obscure; again it is fleeting and must be sought for between the covers of ancient books. When found, it has a peculiar charm of its own, but oftentimes, as in the refrains of the poems, “For Izaak Walton” and “A Friend’s Song for Simoisius,” the thought seems to be wayward and purposeless. Mrs. Dorr is never obscure, and Richard H. Stoddard has called attention to the sanity of her conceptions. It is perhaps a little singular that the two poets, Mrs. Dorr and Miss Coolbrith,—separated from one another by three thousand miles,—should both have attained a singularly clear and limpid style, due to their felicitous choice of Anglo-Saxon words, while Miss Guiney’s style is Latinized, and some of the quaint and studied effects of Izaak Walton, Henry Vaughan and George Herbert have crept into her verse. The following sonnet, entitled “A Salutation,” is in Miss Guiney’s most lucid manner, notwithstanding the intense narrowness implied in the concluding line, “Sought not one other down three hundred years.”

High-hearted Surrey! I do love your ways,
Venturous, frank, romantic, vehement,
All with inviolate honor sealed and blent.
To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier-bays:
I love your youth, your friendships, whilms
and frays;
Your strict, sweet verse, with its imperious
bent,
Heard as in dreams from some old harper’s
tent,
And stirring in the listener’s brain for days.

Good father poet! if to-night there be
At Framlingham none save the north-wind’s
sighs,
No guard but moonlight’s crossed and trall-
ing spears,
Smile yet upon the pilgrim named like me,
Close at your gates, whose fond and weary
eyes
Sought not one other down three hundred
years!

If we compare this sonnet (wherein there is an equal mixture of words derived from the Anglo-Saxon and Latin) with a stanza from Mrs. Dorr’s “Vermont,”—which is a remarkable study of the rugged power imbedded in the Anglo-Saxon,—we will be able to estimate how much the last generation was indebted to the close study of the Bible for its “good, melodious and forceful verse.”

Oh! rude the cradle in which each was rocked,
The infant Nation, and the infant State!
Rough nurses were the Centuries, that mocked
At mother-kisses, and for mother-arms
Gave their young nurslings sudden harsh
alarms,
Quick blows and stern rebuffs. They bade
them wait,
Often in cold and hunger, while the feast
Was spread for others, and, though last, not
least,
Gave them sharp swords for playthings, and
the din
Of actual battle for the mimic strife
That childhood glories in!
Yet not the less they loved them. Spartans
they,
Who could not rear a weak, effeminate brood.
Better the forest’s awful solitude,
Better the desert spaces, where the day
Wanders from dawn to dusk and finds no life!

Miss Coolbrith’s poem, “California,” was Whittier’s favorite. When she visited him he referred to it as “thy noble poem of California,” and paid her the highest compliment which a veteran poet can pay a younger one by reciting to her the whole of that patriotic ode. One must imagine that from the Golden Gate, the Saucelito Hills and the slopes of Tamalpais may be heard the chant:

Hearken how many years
I sat alone, I set alone and heard
Only the silence stirred
By wind and leaf, by clash of grassy spears,
And singing bird that called to singing bird.

Lo! I have waited long!
How longer yet must my strung harp be
dumb,
Ere its great master come?
Till the fair singer comes to wake the strong,
Rapt cords of it unto the new, glad song!
Him a diviner speech
My song-birds wait to teach:
The secrets of the field
My blossoms will not yield
To other hands than his;
And, lingering for this,
My laurels lend the glory of their boughs
To crown no narrower brows.

For on his lips must wisdom sit with
youth;
And in his eyes and on the lids thereof.
The light of a great love —
And on his forehead, truth!

Miss Guiney has a vigorous and oftentimes a humorous prose style, as in the story of "Martha Hilton," contributed to "The Three Heroines of New England Romance." Martha Hilton, who figures in Aldrich's "An Old Town by the Sea," and in Longfellow's pretty ballad as Lady Wentworth, is described with much wit by Miss Guiney, although one misses the sympathetic note to be found in the same volume in Miss Spofford's "Priscilla" and Alice Brown's "Agnes Surriage." Miss Guiney sums up the character of Lady Wentworth and her surroundings as follows :

And it was in that immediate past of effigy-burning and tea-throwing and social panic — that

"Mistress Stavers in her furbelows"

shook her fat finger at the little figure with the swishing bucket, not dreaming how it should blend with what we have of dearest story and song. The life back of our democracy is unsensational enough. The saucy beauty from the scullery is one of the few dabs of odd local color, and, therefore to be cherished. She is part forever of the blue Piscataqua water, the wildest on the coast, and of the happy borough which shall never be again.

One may not think of the Piscataqua without bestowing another thought upon the Isles of Shoals,— Appledore, Smutty-Nose, Star Island, White Island, and all those "scarred and storm-smitten rocks" lying nine miles beyond,— which have been immortalized by the pen of Celia Thaxter. It might almost be said that she has given to the Isles of Shoals "a local habitation and a name." From her we have learned the language of the gulls, the loons and the sand-pipers. Celia Thaxter could not have written such poems as Miss Thomas's "Demeter's Search," nor could Miss Thomas have written the sailor's song, "Tacking Ship



INA D. COOLBRITH.

Off Shore." Is there a hidden meaning in Miss Thomas's "Sea Bird and Land Bird," and does the sea bird personate Celia Thaxter?

Hear me thou sea-bird, matchless in flight,
Shaping thy course o'er the surges white!
In the making of things,
Strength fell to thy wings,
So that thou should'st not falter nor tire
When beating abroad;
The breath of a god
Was breathed through thy form,— an enduring fire.
To me, out of heaven
No fire was given,
Nor strength, but only the rover's desire!

In the grassy deep where I make my nest,—
Say, canst thou hear
My carol clear —
Thou, by the soundful sea oppressed?

Mrs. Annie Fields has delicately alluded, in a recent article, to the unhappiness of Celia Thaxter's marriage. There was really no great fault on either side, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter being simply unmated. Celia Thaxter was a genuine child of nature, wholly untaught in the learning of the schools or in the conven-

tionalities of society,—although she was strangely wise in the knowledge of those hidden earth mysteries which attracted White of Selbourne, Thoreau and John Muir, of California. No amount of education after her too early marriage could make her conventional. Mr. Thaxter was, on the contrary, a man to whom conventionalism and form were everything. He was graduated at Harvard, was the cousin of Lowell's first wife, Maria White Lowell, and had much of that delicacy and refinement of taste peculiar to the author of "The Alpine Sheep" and "The Morning Glory." His friends affirm that, as Celia Thaxter blossomed out, he became more and more reserved, and that she had a repressing effect upon his literary life. His nature was akin to that of Amiel's. He was not over-productive and his talent was wholly opposed to her rich native genius. It was the old problem of the "Princess of Thule," but it was not

solved so satisfactorily in real life as in Black's famous story. Mrs. Field sums up Celia Thaxter's character as follows:

Every year we find her longing for larger knowledge; books and men of science attracted her; and, if her life had been less intensely laborious, in order to make those who belonged to her comfortable and happy, what might she not have achieved! Her nature was replete with boundless possibilities, and we find ourselves asking the old, old question, must the artist forever crush the wings by which he flies against such terrible limitations?—a question never to be answered in this world.

Emerson and Colonel Higginson have ranked Helen Hunt Jackson ("H. H.") above Augusta Webster, Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti. Some half dozen of her poems, as "Down to Sleep," "Gondoliers" and the famous sonnet on "Thought," will doubtless live as long as the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," or "The Goblin Market." Helen Hunt Jackson had traveled much, was a famous horsewoman, possessed a charming manner, and all her friends record that in conversation she had a ready wit and much natural tact joined to a fresh, original way of looking at life. Personally, she was one of the most popular authors in America. Not only Emerson but hundreds of obscure men and women in farm-houses and factories culled her poems from the newspapers, memorizing them while at work, pasting them in home-made scrap-books or pinning them to the leaves of the family Bible. In San Francisco I once picked up, in a quaint little store on Montgomery street, a pioneer Frenchman's scrap-book. Among French chansons by a local poet named Pierre Cauvet, an ode called "The Lost Galleon," by Frank Bret Harte,—read before the associated alumni of the infant college of California,—and some verses by Ralph Keeler, I found three of Helen Hunt's poems. Emily Dickinson's opinions of Mrs.



CELIA THAXTER.

Jackson's works are of value as the estimate of a loving friend who never judged a book without having first mastered its contents.

Miss Lavinia Dickinson, Emily's sister, once wrote me :

Emily never knew "H. H." till she was Mrs. Hunt. Major Hunt and herself were a part of a delightful reception at our house. Emily was charmed with them both and their mutual interest began from that event. They met rarely, but on paper "H. H." addressed Emily and urged her in the most earnest way to let the world know of her genius. After she became Mrs. Jackson the visits were repeated and the entreaties continued, but for some shy reason Emily did not seem willing to publish the poems. Emily considered Mrs. Jackson's intellect very rare. I don't remember Emily's opinion of her poems, but my sister often spoke in praise of "Ramona." Helen Hunt Jackson was a brilliant, dashing woman of the world, fearless and brave, while Emily was timid and refined, always shrinking from publicity.

A few critical opinions of "H. H." may be found in Emily Dickinson's letters. To Colonel Higginson Emily wrote :

Mrs. Hunt's poems are stronger than any written by women since Mrs. Browning, with the exception of Mrs. Lewes's. . . . Mrs. Jackson soars to your estimate loftily as a bird.

Emily Dickinson's health was always delicate. As a school-girl her studies at the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary had to be interrupted on account of illness. She early learned that if she wished to accomplish anything as a poet her strength must be husbanded. The world is full of examples of the sacrifices of sisters for talented brothers, Miss Herschel and Miss Wordsworth being but solitary cases plucked from many modern instances; but in all literature there is nothing sweeter than the tacit agreement between Lavinia and Emily Dickinson, whereby the elder sister said in effect (although she may not have put her sacrifice into words), "Live your life as you will,



HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

I will be your protector and tower of strength." Emily was her father's idol. Every expressed wish of hers was gratified; rare old books were imported to relieve the monotony of her life,—but even he fretted at her seclusion. At such times Lavinia came to Emily's rescue and argued that since Emily was so tortured by the petty claims of society and, furthermore, felt that she had intellectual work to do which demanded her time, it was better to let her lead the ideal life which she had herself selected.

Emily Dickinson's passion for flowers was even greater than that of Celia Thaxter and Mrs. Dorr. She had Wordsworth's idea so felicitously expressed by Walter Pater, wherein "every natural object seemed to possess more or less of a moral or spiritual life, to be capable of a companionship with man, full of expression, of inexplicable affinities and delicacies of intercourse."

"Emily called Cape Jasmin," wrote Miss Lavinia Dickinson, "the holiest flower that grows. She was in love with every wild flower, and when we were little children we used to spend entire days in the woods hunting for treasures. The most delicate and rare flowers never failed to bloom for Emily, however impossible their rearing was to others."

At the Dickinson homestead the masters of English, French, German and Italian literature were studied until the sisters knew them through and through. Magazines were not excluded, but the books which live for a season never gained admission there. As Emily became more frail, Lavinia spent hours in reading to her. Sometimes it was Shakespeare, the Brownings, Ruskin or the Revelations. Dante also was a favorite author. Emily was very fond of Miss Lavinia's way of presenting a character to her, and often said: "Vinnie, if ministers knew how to read as you do, they would impress their audience beyond appeal." Emily was herself a most charming reader. It was done with great simplicity and naturalness, with an earnest desire to express the exact conception of the author, without any thought of herself, or the impression her reading was sure to make. All the great masters of literature had a place in her regard, but she loved Lowell, Hawthorne, Shakespeare, the Brownings, the Brontés and George Eliot with a supreme affection.

The poems and letters of Emily Dickinson were not the outcome of a narrow Puritan education, nor of inability to wield the poetical metres easily handled by Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Dorr, but rather of a prophetic insight. Some subtle instinct taught her that the last thought of the century would be—condensation; that artists would be discovering how small a number of lines might be employed in the delineation of the human figure; novelists would attempt to draw their characters with the few swift strokes of Chaucer, and, above all, poets would strive to render a drama or a

whole epoch in two or three stanzas. At the West this thought would seem to have occurred simultaneously to the poets Roswell Martin Field, Charles Edwin Markham, and the late Professor William R. Perkins. Also in Harriet Monroe's "Dedicatorial Ode" may be found many lines quite as concise, as:

And the calm Orient wise with many days.

France, the swift-footed, who with thee
Gazed in the eyes of liberty
And loved the dark no more.

The challenge of the earth that Adam heard.

Out of the dark man strives to rise
And struggles inch by inch with toil and tears.

If one would know what gains have been made in vivid characterization and in condensation by our age, contrast De Quincey's celebrated description of Helen Faucit as Antigone with this portrait of Tomaso Salvini by Emily Dickinson:

The brow is that of Deity—the eyes those of the lost, but the power lies in the throat—pleading, sovereign, savage—the panther and the dove.

As a criticism thrown out at random, I would say that in the case of Mary Thacher Higginson too much shielding and literary association have had a depressing effect upon her poetical development. She was the niece of Longfellow's first wife, "the being beauteous" of his early poems. Longfellow took a personal interest in Miss Thacher's literary efforts, urging her to print her first book, he himself paying for the stereotype plates. Her themes are sometimes too slight, but the sonnet to H. W. L. on his seventieth birthday, "Cobwebs" and "Exiles" are delicate little gems. In fact, the latter poem, written while at Silverton, Colorado, makes one wish that she could have been dissociated from the old Cambridge traditions and placed somewhere in the West, where her imagination would have been stimulated by long river-sweeps, measureless prairies and impassable cañons.

The fresh salt air is in the verses of Celia Thaxter, as the breath from the

mountain-pines envelopes Miss Thomas's "Atys"; Helen Hunt Jackson sang the songs which lifted the weight from bearded hearts and tinged every-day life with artistic beauty; Mrs. Higginson knows life in its "caressing littleness"; Miss Coolbrith's bird-like lyrics, "When the Grass Shall Cover Me" and "Who Knoweth," resemble nothing so much as the native note of the wild California canary. In the work of Miss Thomas, Miss Guiney and Miss Monroe we find the genius for ancient places and books. In strong contrast are the lives of Emily Dickinson and Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr; the one the apostle of condensation, the blameless spirit who lived apart from the world, viewing life with absolute sincerity; the other the "first citizen of Rutland," living to the full the life of the modern woman, adapting herself to its new responsibilities and its widening educational advantages; always keeping



MRS. MARY J. REID, ST. PAUL.

in sight the progressive Time Spirit, and yet hearkening to the lays of the old masters and learning from them the secret of their sweet, clear style.

INSATIATE.*

WHAT though she lieth mute on yonder hill?
Though ivy green and shadowy egletere
Have held in tender fold through many a year
Her quiet grave, I fear her—fear her still.

He loved her once. Ay, though he hold me fast
And sear my lips with kisses burning-sweet,
No touch of mine can make his life replete,
For man's first love is oftentimes his last.

A still face glimmers through my dreams for aye.
E'en when I strain him close with feverish grasp,
Wan, grave-cold fingers loose the clinging clasp,
And grave-cold lips my fervid kisses stay.

She lives incarnate in each flower fair,
Her eyes illumine the violets in my hand;
The goldenrod that lights the autumn land
Seems but the scattered star-dust of her hair.

Love's perfect flower may never bloom for me—
For me, his wife. For, ah! I fear her still
Who lies forever mute on yonder hill.
He loved her once. Would God that I were she!

EMINENCE, KENTUCKY.

Leigh Gordon Giltner.

Awarded the Cash Prize in the March 31st Competition for "the Best Original Poem."

BICYCLE RIDE FROM FORT CUSTER TO LIVING- STONE.

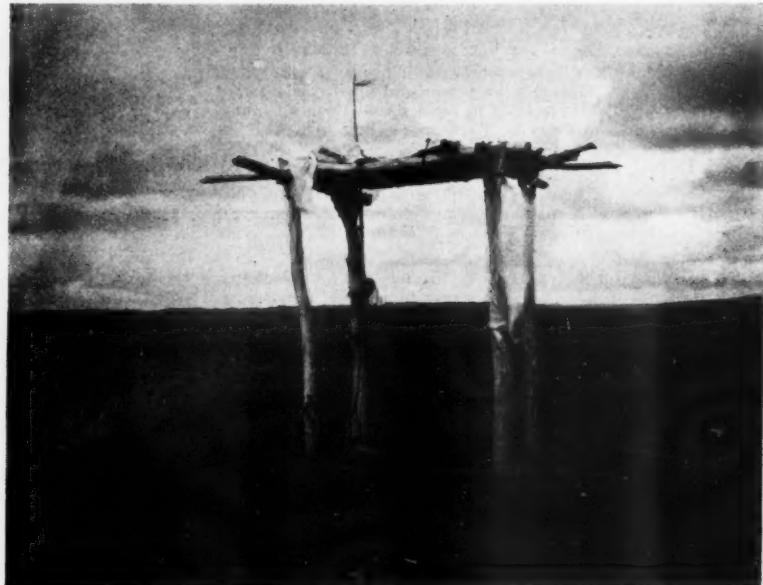
BY EUGENE MAY.

FORT CUSTER, named for the hero of the tragedy of the Little Big Horn, is glorious for situation, for there every prospect pleases. In the very heart of this vast Indian Reservation, it is comprehensive, commanding and impressive in the view it affords. Here I was cordially entertained by Chaplain Francis H. Weaver, of the Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., who is an old soldier, having enlisted in the War of the Rebellion at the early age of seventeen. He was wounded a score of times, three times at the battle of Gettysburg — Gettysburg, the very neighborhood where his early education was received! To Colonel Perry, post commander, Lieutenant E. S. Wright and

Chaplain Weaver I am indebted for many kindnesses.

Fort life, with its order and system, parade and show, band music and bugle calls, is of no small interest to the visitor, but it must be dull enough to one who has to live it. To relieve a little, if possible, the monotony of soldier life, at the request of the chaplain I had the pleasure of giving my lecture, "With a Knapsack Through Switzerland and up the Matterhorn Mountain," to a large audience in the post hall.

At one time or another on the reservation I met a number of noted Crow Indians. Plenty Coose (Koos) is the present head chief of the Crows, with headquar-



A CROW INDIAN'S GRAVE.

ters on Prior Creek. He is the successor of Iron Bull, the noted chief, who is buried on a hill on the Upper Big Horn River, and who was one of the best of chiefs and the best of men. Pretty Eagle is second chief, and is more thoroughly Indian than Plenty Coose, who has dealt much with white men and taken up with many of their ways. Pretty Eagle is held by the Indians in rather the higher estimation. Both are full-blooded Crows and talk but little English. Spotted Horse is the third chief, and Medicine Tail is the chief of the Indian police.

Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, is fifty-three miles west of Custer Station and fifty-five miles northwest of Fort Custer. Thitherward was I bound. No wheelman had ever been over this road, and reports concerning its nature were very conflicting. Some thought it fair for a bicycle, others held it to be quite impracticable. At a bright and early hour I set out for Billings, hoping to reach there by the middle of the afternoon. Indications were not the fairest as to weather. I had barely covered twelve miles when I was overtaken by a shower. It was scarcely a heavy sprinkle, yet it rendered me quite helpless in less time than is taken to record it. The soil here is called gumbo. Its adhesiveness, when moist, is not excelled by that of any soil the earth affords. The Indians name it the "Land of the Greasy Grass." As to the truth of the statement I will not vouch, but a railroader assured me that, being scant in supply of axle grease, he substituted gumbo and it worked like a charm. I tried the bicycle on the grass, in the road, on the embankment and on the ties of the new railroad then building. It was a complete failure and I consumed an hour in pushing the wheel a single mile. After a promise in the sky of clearing weather—a promise which, to my



IRON BULL.

The former Head Chief of the Crows, and his wife.

sorrow, was not fulfilled—the rain came down more freely; the air became chilled. My wheel would not turn twice around without clogging. To ride was impossible, to push was impossible, to walk and carry the wheel was impossible! Discomfited and discouraged, I had about decided, like Isaac of old, to go out into the field and meditate, when I discerned a wagoner approaching. With four horses to his empty wagon he was making slow progress and kindly consented to carry me and my bicycle to the railroad boarding train, two miles distant. Here 190 men lay idle for twenty-four hours, unable to turn a shovel of dirt, use a scraper, lay a tie or rail, on account of a rain so slight as to scarcely more than settle the dust in

the road. My wheel was hardly recognizable, being packed and jammed with mud and grass and gumbo.

As I came into the car, my cap, rubber coat and boots dripping with the cold rain, leaving my wheel in disgust on the outside, the manager kindly inquired, "Well, young man, are you out for a pleasure trip?"

Yes, I was, but I was not getting much pleasure out of it that day! The bunks in the cars were extremely hard, even the toughened workmen complaining of them; but I slept soundly for I was very weary. Waking in the night, I heard the dismal howling of the wolves that surrounded us. One man mistook them for the snoring sleepers and created great merriment by trying to put a stop to it.

The men were receiving \$1.40 a day as shoveling, with slightly increasing scale up to rail-layers, each paying \$3.75 a week for board, docked for all loss of time from whatever cause. Seeing a company of them paid off the day I left, I noted that the margin of their profits, after weeks of work, was exceedingly small.

Almost every nationality was represented among the laborers. A band of Russian peasants interested me much. Idle on account of the rain, they roamed the neighboring hills and sang with strange and touching pathos their Russian folk songs. The bosses and officers went hunting wolves and shooting prairie dogs which abound here. Others with hammers were playing at geology, gathering specimens from the region around, which is one vast geological burial ground. Some were full of wit and jollity. One remarked, "Does not the Bible say that all railroad men are liars?" "You bet it does," was the response, "and, what's more, even a visitor can't stay a week with 'em without lyin'."

A railroad building through this country—what a story of civilization! Who would have dreamed it a few years ago! Not twenty years have passed since only wild game and savages wandered here, and fewer years still since the murder of settlers and frontiersmen and bloody massacres were perpetrated on these grounds by unsubdued Indians. Not many miles away is buried an old chieftain of that day. The usual custom of Indian burial is to elevate the body upon cross-pieces placed upon four tall posts, but in this instance the chief was buried in the ground, a stake marking the place. The surveyor of the new railroad, finding soft soil there, unwittingly drove his rod through the body of the sleeping brave—civilization marching over savagery!

The clouds have cleared away, the railroaders resume work and I my journey. The road is dry, but rough, the wind is against me, my wheel runs heavy and progress is slow for a number of miles. The prairie dogs are seemingly without number and give their "Yip! yip! yip!" as I pass along, flirting their tails and diving into their homes in the little mounds. Most illusive is the direction of their cry. At times they seem to be right under my wheel; at others, over my head, and again on this side and then on that. They are veritable ventriloquists. A friend of



JAMES A. CAMPBELL,
A famous Montana Scout, and the Master of Arrangements
for the Excursion of President Arthur and General
Sheridan to Fort Custer in 1883.



Officers' Quarters.

Chapel.

Hospital.

Barracks.

FORT CUSTER.—CAVALRY IN COLUMN OF PLATOONS.

mine was challenged to write a poem on so unpoetic a theme as "The Prairie Dog." Being a poet of no mean order, the following is a portion of the result:

"O, I'm a merry prairie dog,
Yip, yip, yip.
And like a jolly jollywog,
Flip, flip, flip;
And when I give my little yip,
Why then I flip my little tail,
And when I give my tail a flip,
Why then to yip I never fail;
And thus I ever gaily bark,
Yip, yip, yip.
And ever on my daily lark,
Flip, flip, flip.
"And I'm the dandy of the West,
And yip and yip my mellow rhyme,
And as my tail declines to rest,
I flip, and flip in every time.
"And, though the snakes I often see,
I never go on any toots,
And not a soul can say of me
That I have snakes within my boots.
"And thus I ever gaily bark,
Yip, yip, yip.
And ever on my daily lark,
Flip, flip, flip."

After a few hours of varying fortunes I came to the banks of the Nez Perces, or Prior's Fork River, a branch of the Yellowstone. Here I had my first fording

experience with a bicycle. The river is about 100 feet wide, not very deep at this point, but recent rains had swollen it; the waters were icy cold, and the bottom was rough with pebbles and stones. With wheel and pack and shoes on my shoulders, a weight of sixty-five pounds, I took a foot-bath that I would gladly have avoided. Three times in three miles I was compelled to ford this river, the waters the second time knee deep, and the third time waist deep. The next ford at this rate of increase would be over my head and I would be simply "out of sight." It was getting late in the day, and yet no Billings appeared to my anxious view. Long ago, according to my best calculations, I should have arrived there. Evidently I had lost my way. My directors had said that would be impossible, but the impossible had been accomplished! For more than forty miles over the reservation I had not seen a sign of civilization,

save only the road over which I was passing.

The country is an open one, but filled with striking landscapes. In the distance on my right the Prior Mountains had been looming for hours, changing in appearance and outline with every mile of the way, while plains, rolling land, plateaus and coulees abounded. The road is gravelly mixed in its nature for a wheelman. There are steep ascents and high hills and rocky slopes, with now and then an oasis of level strips. Some of the small hollows have the steepest banks for a roadway that I have ever seen. Starting down some of these on your wheel you would think you were plunging into the very bowels of the earth,—yes, going down even to its very toes! The impetus thus given carries you quite a way up the opposite slope, yet leaving much hard pushing to reach the top. The ascent of these steeps and the many hills consumes much time, and you cannot count your miles as on a level road. It

may require an hour to go but a mile or two.

"It never rains but it pours." I had barely crossed the third ford of the river when my rear tire gave out. It was now late twilight and too dark to see to repair it. There would be an hour or so of moonlight, but I was now getting anxious to find a refuge for the night. Fortunately I had supplied myself with ample lunch, and now dined off it for the second time. The moonlight gradually replaced the twilight, and the great rocky hills on my right and the river fringed with trees came under its magic spell. The bold outlines of the mountains renewed their place in my vision, and the scene was comforting and tender.

After lunch I traveled for about a mile in a broken-down way, when I discovered a camp-fire half a mile from the road. Rejoiced at the sight, I pushed rapidly towards it. There were the wagons forming a corral-like enclosure



FORT CUSTER.—CAVALRY PASSING IN REVIEW.



MEDICINE TAIL, PRETTY EAGLE,
Chief of Indian Police. Second Chief.

SPOTTED HORSE, PLENTY COOSE,
Third Chief. Present Head of the Tribe.

GROUP OF CROW CHIEFTAINS.

around the tent, there were the horses feeding, and there were yelping dogs, many running out to meet me; but no person was in sight, nor did any one respond to my vigorous halloo. Wondering at this, I proceeded to investigate. Entering the corral and pushing aside the curtain of the tent, I met one of the supreme surprises of my life. There seated in a circle around the tent wall were ten Indians,—three squaws and seven braves. They simply ejaculated "Ugh," neither changing position nor exchanging glances. After many an "Ugh" of various sizes and pitches, I was motioned to be seated in the circle. I did so,—near the exit. In the kettle over the fire in the center of the tent something—some *thing* was cooking. Invited by a grunt to partake of it, I respectfully declined. They each pretended not to be able to speak any English.

I could get no information from them as to the way to Billings, or anywhere else, and prepared to depart. The savages were in their war-paint, and were returning from some of their wild dances on the reservation. One huge brave drew a sharp, ugly-looking knife from his belt, felt of its keen edge, while he looked significantly at me and signaled to the others. It was time for me to be going and, not even saying good-night, I mounted my wheel and made the best mile on record on an airless rear tire!

Then came the tug of war,—a steep, long, rocky, sandy hill more than a mile in its ascent. I could make no time here. If the noble red man wanted my scalp he could have it—and have it cheap. In fact, if he would now come and take it, it would save me the trouble of climbing that awful hill. He did not come. I almost wished he would. I cannot say that in this little episode I felt altogether

at ease, but as to danger from the Indians, I presume there was none. My bicycle was my protection in more ways than one. Apprehension and punishment for any crime against a traveler through the reservation would certainly meet with swift and sure punishment.

Reaching the height of the hill there was still no Billings discernible. Watching for signs of water,—for I was very thirsty,—and looking for some choice place in which to spend the night with my wheel, I saw in the distance a second camp-fire. This I approached very cautiously and found to my joy that it was surrounded by three white men. They proved to be miners on their way from the Big Horn Mountains to Butte, Montana, and they, like myself, had lost their bearings. A huge fire had been built, and without food since the day before, without blankets or extra coats, they were preparing to spend the night on the ground. Welcomed to their fire-side, I distributed the fragments of my lunch among them, donned my rubber coat, filled my rubber pillow with air, and prepared to make myself as comfortable as the hardness and unevenness of the earth would allow.

Rough experience, you will say. Yes,

but the hour previous had been crowded with scenery such as one seldom meets. At the summit of that steep—a long ascent coming up from the river—the moonlight fell upon great, giant cliffs upon my right that stretched away interminably, looking like the walls of mighty Babylon in her glory. Along the top of this vast wall, at regular intervals apparently, sentinel pines stood guard, while the stars came up over the heights as the moon paled, assuming the form of lights upon the walls of a great city. I have seldom seen sight more impressive.

In the night I was awakened often by the hooting of owls and the scream of night birds. A mountain lion came around the camp fire, but not too close. The wolves surrounded us and howled hideously. The fire was our sure protection and we took pains to frequently replenish it. I was impressed as never before with the remarkable clearness and loudness of the sounds to which we listened. Every one has noted this distinctness of sound at night. Insects and birds and animated beings are quiet at night and, too, the winds among the leaves. But this does not account for it. Baron von Humboldt tells us that it is the more perfect transparency and more uniform density of the atmosphere. During the day currents of hot air of different temperatures are abroad and produce that dancing vision we sometimes see. At night this is removed and the medium of sound is more uniform. Rubini, the great tenor singer, used to sound a high B Flat in the opera of *Il Talismano*. Crowds flocked to hear this wonderful note. Seven successive evenings he sounded it, responding to an encore on each occasion. At last he attempted to repeat the note, but could not make a sound. In desperation he tried again, and succeeded; but, suffering pain, he found on consulting his physician that he had broken his collar-bone in the undertaking. It seemed to me the owls must have at least endangered their collar-bones that night!

At break of day the journey was resumed, and after two hours Billings



CHAPLAIN FRANCIS H. WEAVER.
Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Custer.

appeared before us in the beautiful valley of the Yellowstone, nestling like a huge bird in her nest. Far away to the north-east were the Piny Buttes and, nearer by, Bull Mountains. But it was not the scenery so much as the town that gave us pleasure. I had wandered some twenty miles out of my way, and was rejoiced to get back to civilization again. At the banks of the Yellowstone the Crow or Absaruki Indian Reservation ends. This vast reservation is equal in area to the entire state of New Jersey, and has a frontage on the Yellowstone River of nearly or quite four hundred miles. Southward it spreads away to the Big Horn Mountains, and so extensive is it that were it divided equally among the Crows each brave and squaw and child would have fifteen hundred acres.

From Billings to Livingstone is a railroad ride of one hundred and nine miles. Taking the night train, several hours late, it was sunrise when we approached the more interesting scenery. Reflected in the mirror plate in front of me was a

deep red suffusion and, looking for its cause, I saw, outside, a bank of beautiful clouds lighted by the morning sun and hanging like a great scarlet robe over the mountains. Intense and brilliant in color and striking in effect, it gradually faded away, and the Snowy Mountains came into view. The ranges of the Snowy Mountains are on either side of us now, and on the north the Little Belt and Big Belt Ranges, Judith Mountains and Crazy Mountains. A recent snow storm on the heights of the last named range rendered the scene remarkably beautiful. The early sun tinted the snows a rich yellow and lent an exaggerated appearance to the size of the mountains. Looking intently at them, below the heavy snows and among the rocky walls, a great square of spotless white was distinguished. There was much conjecturing as to what it was. One gentleman suggested that it looked like a target for shooting practice. It proved to be a huge patch of cloud floating almost motionless among the peaks.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

BEYOND the awful toil and fret,
The restless rush of burdened throng,
In shady depths the wood-thrush song,
A pure, calm worship, lingers yet.

My heart, forget thy loneliness!
True lovers' lips are meeting now;
Some longing maiden's wretched brow
God's holy priest has bent to bless.

Beyond the haunts of woe and lust
Sit happy children side by side;
Though dreams you longed for are denied,
One friend you love has kept his trust.

Though doubt has swept belief away,
And through the gloom no light appears,
Above the grasses, wet by tears,
Some faithful woman kneels to pray.

Selden L. Whitcomb.

OXFORD AND ITS STUDENTS.

BY MARY BOWEN.

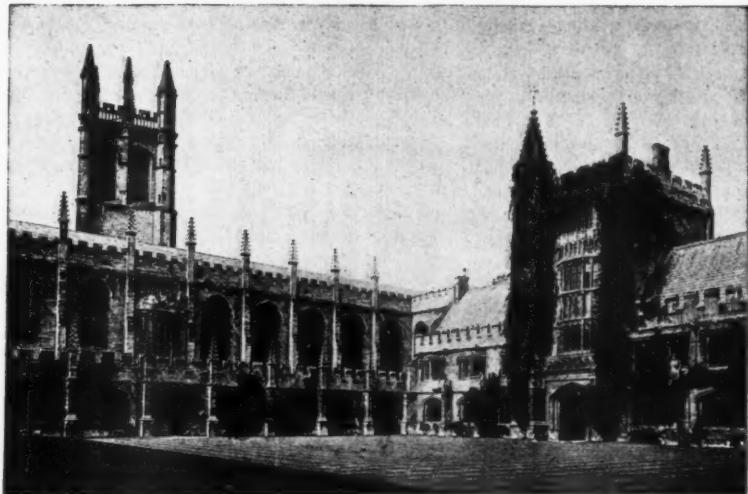
OXFORD lies, so the guide book tells me, "on a saddle-shaped eminence at the confluence of, and almost surrounded by, the rivers Cherwell and Isis, the latter known elsewhere as the Thames." This is quite a good description except that the "eminence" is imperceptible. The two little rivers wind and loop through the green meadows on three sides of the town, and there is, in addition, a maze of branch streams, cross-cut canals and backwaters, so that the town seems entangled in a silver net. These slender streams are well-cared for by diking and dredging, beautified by willow-shaded paths along the banks, and spanned by solid stone bridges. The same care for natural objects is to be noticed everywhere in England. It seldom seems to lead to

unpleasant artificiality, but results in clear, brimming streams, in firm and smooth, though narrow, country roads, and in fine forests free from underbrush. But, of course, this work has been in progress through many generations.

There is, perhaps, no other place in England where the care-taking process has been carried on so wisely and uninterrupted through centuries as in Oxford. The result is a town which is ranked with Edinburgh and Florence as the most picturesque in the world. Yet, at first sight, one is likely to say, without nice discrimination of terms, "more picturesque than beautiful." The narrow, crooked, stony streets with queer little houses crowding down to the pavement are not so pleasing to American tastes as our own village



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, TOWER AND BRIDGE (THE CHERWELL), OXFORD.



THE QUAD AT MAGDALEN — OXFORD.

streets, broad, shaded, and bordered by open lawns. The Oxford colleges instead of being grouped on a spacious campus are crowded in among houses and shops.

But upon acquaintance it is this very crowded, quaint, mediæval confusion that one loves. Nor is it so confused as it seems at first. The finest buildings are really very cleverly placed at points where they will show well from the rivers or from the streets leading to them. Perchance one is threading through a crooked street which is scarcely wide enough for one vehicle and is made gloomy by the black walls of colleges rising straight up from the pavement, when a sudden angle brings in view at the end of the street an exquisitely proportioned tower, richly carved, and veiled in blue haze. Near by is an ancient oak leaning over a garden wall, and across the street a group of Elizabethan houses with beautiful oriél windows. Then one understands the quaint beauty of Oxford.

One learns afterwhile the best points of view,—how the incomparably beautiful tower of Magdalen college is seen best from the Cherwell; how castle-like is the meadow-front of Merton; how like a

water-color sketch is Holywell street with its salmon-pink plaster houses and their queer peaked roofs. The innumerable towers of Oxford are famous. They vary in style from a massive Norman keep to the lace-like delicacy of the late gothic. When one sees it from the low hills that lie beyond the rivers, the town is a forest of spires and towers rising from a mass of dark embosoming foliage. "Sweet city of the dreaming spires," Matthew Arnold calls it.

When I first "came up"—as good Oxfordians say, whether one comes from north or south, east or west—it was early in September and the town was looking very beautiful. Color ran riot everywhere. The smooth stretches of turf, that unequaled English grass which is fine and soft like a baby's hair, still kept its tender, spring-like, emerald green; the foliage was as dark and rich as in early summer; the ivy, matted and massed atop the old gray walls, was washed clean of its summer dust by recent rains; flowers, the gay garden annuals that the English love, were plentiful; but the color that dominated everything, as the scarlet coat of Tommy Atkins gleams out in a

London street, was the flaming, flaunting, trailing red of the Virginia creeper. This American wilding shows splendidly on the somber background of Oxford's ancient edifices. I have never seen it finer, not even when it wreathes a giant hickory in the depths of an autumn forest along the Mississippi bottom, than it is here when it weaves over a stately time-blackened tower, twining up the dark arches, lacing through gothic tracery, and streaming out in scarlet pennants from the slender pinnacles. It was an irresistible reminder of Eugene Field's—

"Any color so long as it's red
Is the color that suits me best,
The hue of my native West."

The general plan of the university is quite unlike any American one. There are twenty-two colleges, each having a distinct institutional life, yet all together forming the University of Oxford. Curiously enough, the general scheme and the relations of college to university are

very similar to the plan of the United States government, and the relations of state to nation. I say curiously, for, as is well-known, the governments of our American universities are in many respects like constitutional monarchies.

Each college in Oxford has its faculty and students, its chapel, lecture-rooms, library and halls of residence. The students are known by their colleges, though the final examinations and degrees are given by the university. Thus, an undergraduate may be a Christ Church man or a Balliol man, but after he is graduated he is simply "an Oxford B. A." Each college has, also, its own athletic teams and boating crews, so that the opportunities for contests within the university are almost unlimited; but they meet outside teams not a little, too.

A student is not restricted to the lectures of his own college, and does not always live in it, since the colleges are over-full. Preference is given to the new



HIGH STREET — OXFORD.



A COLLEGE HALL — OXFORD.

students, I presume because they can be more closely looked after within than without the college walls ; so after a year or two of residence a man may have to give up his rooms and go out into lodgings.

It is somewhat difficult at first to know one college from another. The street-fronts of most of them are a good deal alike,—three or four low stories of crumblung, blackened stone, set with tiny iron-barred windows. On entering through the great shadowed archway which pierces this façade, one is in the first "quad," a quadrangle of exquisite turf surrounded by more ancient buildings, the chapel, with its large stained glass windows and fine tower, probably forming one side. Pass under another arch on the farther side and another quad appears, larger perhaps and enclosed with buildings that bear evidence to the eighteenth century taste for pseudo-classic. There may be other quads and courts and cloisters, but somewhere beyond them is almost surely a garden.

And such gardens ! No one has described them so happily as Hawthorne in speaking of the garden at New College, "a sweet, quiet, sacred, stately seclusion." But let me go into details a little. Imagine a space of delicate green grass,

set with dark clumps of shrubbery and a few magnificent old trees, perhaps a shaded avenue in a secluded part, and the whole shut in from the world by a high stone wall densely loaded with ivy. Add to this symphony in green, rich masses of color in the purple Michaelmas daisies, sweet peas of crimson, pink and lavender, red and gold snap-dragons, yellow gilly-flowers and half a hundred other bright flowers ranged against the walls ; then, to complete the picture, glimpses of somber, battlemented buildings and fretted spires. And when one learns that the interior of almost every block in the old part of Oxford is occupied with such Eden-like spaces one realizes part of its riches.

One soon learns, however, the characteristic features, material or otherwise, of the colleges. Christ Church, the alma mater of most of the scions of the aristocracy, is large and spacious and not wholly beautiful, thereby resembling its founder, Cardinal Wolsey ; and it has the unique distinction of possessing a cathedral for its chapel. Magdalen, set somewhat apart on the shady Cherwell, has a delicate and luxurious beauty that causes one to instinctively name it "the lady college." New, which is very, very

old,—most of it having been built before 1400,—is the most massive, medieval, fortress-like of all. Balliol, ancient of years but modern in spirit, is easily leader in matters scholastic. Brasenose is famous for its athletes and its boat is usually "head of the river." Merton, which dates from 1264, has a library that is almost unchanged for six centuries, a gloomy, black oak apartment, still as a grave, and pungent with the dust of old books—massive tomes of manuscript delicately written and elaborately illuminated—which still keep the chains by which they were fastened to the shelves. But not all the colleges are old. Manchester and Mansfield are young lambs, Unitarian and Congregational respectively, in this ancient fold of the Church of England, and are housed in modern Gothic structures of fair, new, creamy stone.

The life of the Oxford student is in some ways more independent than that of the American. He lives in two rooms, a sitting-room and a bed-room, which are reached by a semi-private stairway from the quad. A man-servant, called a "scout," looks after his rooms and brings

his breakfasts, luncheons and teas from the college kitchen. He dines with his fellows in the college hall, a lofty baronial apartment with a vaulted ceiling of ancient, black oak, a polished wainscot hung with portraits of the famous men of the college, and large windows set with armorial bearings of stained glass. Compared to the trans-Atlantic student, he attends fewer lectures and does more private reading. He has no recitations, for there is nothing to correspond to that system, unless it is the private "coach" whom most students employ for an hour or two a week, especially when getting ready for the two great examinations, "Mods" in the middle of the course, and "Finals" at the end.

It is said that the average Oxford man does not work as much as the American. There is a large amount of social doing, such as breakfast and luncheon parties among the men, as well as teas given to ladies. I am told that the famous custom of wine suppers lasting nearly all night is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and that there is much less high living and extravagance than



A RIVER PATH—OXFORD.

formerly. This is due doubtless to the impoverishment of fine old estates by the present agricultural depression.

Athletics, or "sports" as they are called here, absorb much time. Nearly every boy devotes all his afternoons to some form of sports. The boating men are on the river, the cricket, hockey and foot-ball fields are thronged; tennis and racquet courts are full; bicycles flash by, and troops of lads in russet tweeds, wearing heavy hob-nailed shoes and carrying huge canes, start out on long, country tramps.

It is only when they are going to lectures or libraries, or when out after dark, that the students wear the well-known cap and gown. The gown, however, in the process of evolution has grown shorter and scantier, until it resembles nothing so much as an old-fashioned black alpaca apron hanging back from the shoulders with the strings fluttering. It is scarcely so long as the short sack-coat. But the gowns of professors and other dignitaries still keep the old-time stateliness of ample folds and crimson and furred hoods.

The terms are very short, only eight weeks, and a boy finds his time very much taken up with sports and festivities; so, many of them scarcely pretend to work while they are "up," but when they "go down" in vacation they retire to some secluded country home and settle down for a "regular grind."

The Oxford men are anything but the dukes which one might expect if one judged from their Anglomaniac caricatures which sometimes stray into our own universities. They seem to be fresh-faced sensible boys, with a wholesome interest in out-door life. Perhaps they do not appear so student-like as might be expected, but the endless book and picture shops in Oxford bear evidence to their refined tastes. But the very influence of living in beautiful old Oxford must be refining. What boy could be insensible to this historic background, the beloved alma mater of his ancestors, with its

"Scutcheoned panes in cloisters old,
Secclusions ivy-hushed and pavements sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing feet."



THE CRANE.

OF HOMELY form and solemn mien,
With dagger beak and legs so slim,
One thinks of him as visions seen
In olden dreams, now vague and dim.

With lifted head and searching eye,
In uniform of blue and gray,
He watches from the tree-top high—
The sentinel of cove and bay.

And oft, as twilight blurs the sea,
I mark his flight along the shore,
A weird shape winging hurriedly,
A fleeting shadow—nothing more.

SPRINGFIELD, WASHINGTON.

Herbert Bashford.

A NATURALIST'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MACKENZIE.

BY FRANK RUSSELL.

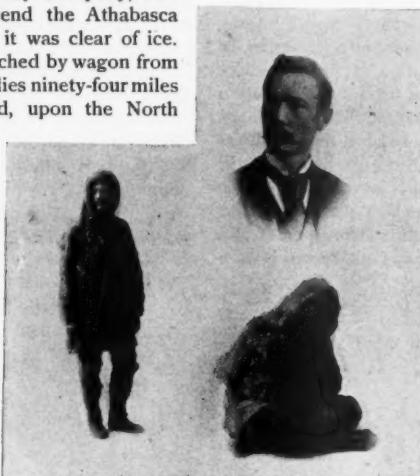
THE expedition* left Iowa City in June, 1892, and collected in comparatively well known and easily accessible portions of Canada, until the 26th of April, 1893, when the journey northward was begun.

At Edmonton, the present northern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, I joined a party of officers and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, who expected to descend the Athabasca River as soon as it was clear of ice. This stream is reached by wagon from Edmonton, which lies ninety-four miles to the southward, upon the North Saskatchewan. Five of my companions, anticipating a long "dry spell," were drunk all the time, and four of them most of the time, on our three days' journey to Athabasca Landing. A squad of mounted police was stationed at this point to prevent any liquor passing through this, the only gateway to that vast empire, two thousand miles in length, known as "The Far North."

* Being desirous of adding the musk-ox, the Barren Ground caribou and other species peculiar to the Arctic regions to its list of American mammals, the State University of Iowa decided to send an expedition to the Great Slave Lake. Mr. Russell volunteered for the service and was accepted. He spent the summer of 1892 collecting on Puget Sound and in British Columbia; the winter of 1892-3 was passed at the mouth of the Saskatchewan River, and the spring following in the Rock Mountains, just north of Montana. Owing to favorable circumstances the trip became much more extensive than was originally planned, and resulted in the accumulation of a large and valuable collection, not only of mammals, but of ornithological, ethnological and other specimens.

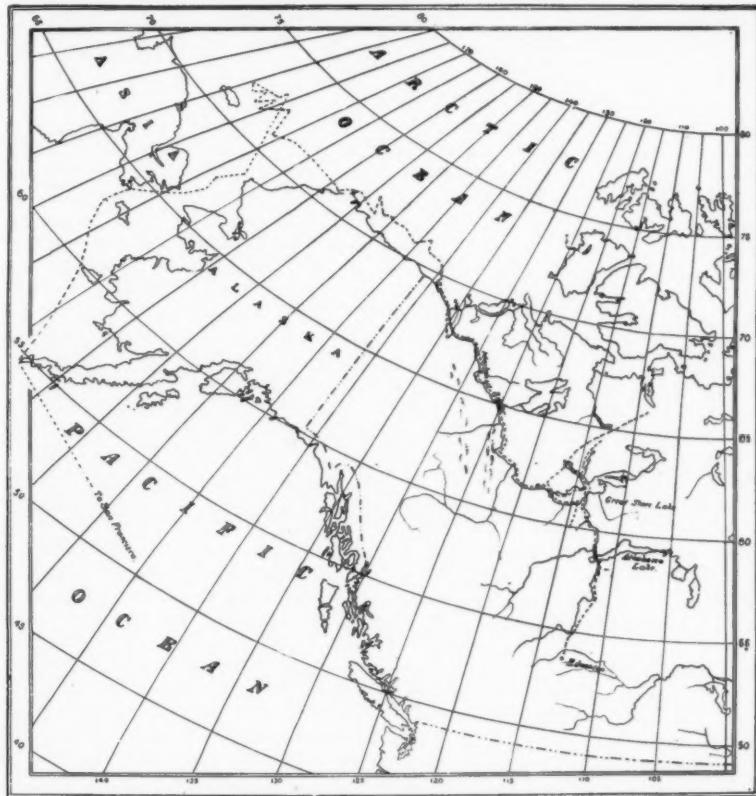
We left the landing on May 3d, in close pursuit of the retreating ice, which had gorged at some of the rapids and left high overhanging walls of black and dripping floes, which made it difficult to effect a landing. Our craft was twenty-six feet in length and loaded with three tons of freight, including everything from six hundred pounds of newspapers to a bale of wash-tubs. It was the "spring trade" outfit for Fort Chipewyan.

In three days we reached the Grand Rapids, which are one hundred and sixty-five miles below Athabasca Landing and mark the northern limit of the steamer Athabasca's run. The rapids have a descent of sixty-five feet in a few hundred yards,



PROFESSOR FRANK RUSSELL.

which necessitates portaging all the freight to and from the North. A wooden tramway has been built across a small island in the middle of the stream. Around this are huge boulders as smooth and spherical as if turned in a lathe. In following the crooked channel through these boulders to the head of the island, our steersman, not being able to hear the voice of the bowsman amid the roar of the rapids, was guided by signals, now to the right and now to the left, until suddenly Sundown's arm was swung frantically to the right. The great sweep, weighing a



THE MACKENZIE RIVER COUNTRY.
Diagram showing the 18,000 Mile Route pursued by Professor Russell.

hundred pounds, moved slowly and too late,—we shot fairly upon a sunken rock where to lose control of the boat meant certain death. For a moment the crash of the planks and the yells of the Indians, "pimiscow! pimiscowuk!" mingled with the thunder of the rapids. Before we had time to "row" we were swept clear, the bow down stream, and a few seconds later the boat lay beside the landing place in a sinking condition.

For the next eighty-five miles the river flows through a rocky canyon containing ten rapids. Natural tar deposits of considerable extent occur at several places.

Seventeen miles below the Grand Rapids we came upon a gas well which we ignited at the water's edge whence a line of bubbles extended halfway across the stream.

At one of the rapids, called the Cascade, a ledge of rock creates an overfall, two feet in height, extending quite across the river. We carried most of the load along the side of the steep bank and tried to run through with the remainder, but the boat stuck hard and fast on the verge of the fall and we had to carry the goods ashore through an icy torrent and for some distance along the base of an over-

hanging wall of jammed ice, which came down with a crash within two minutes after we were clear of it.

On the fourteenth day we reached Chippewyan, the starting point of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in 1789, when that distinguished explorer discovered the river which bears his name. Here I spent a month camping in a small A-tent, collecting birds in the delta of the Quatres Fourches, or Peace River. During these four weeks I saw but one human being—a Cree medicine man, called Mustoosh, who startled me with the information that a "little buffalo" had been drowned near his camp that morning. Visions of a hundred dollar specimen were dispelled by further inquiry, which developed the fact that one of the Indians had obtained two cows from the company and his "little buffalo" was a common calf.

The journey northward was continued upon the first trip of the steamer "Grahame," which carried me one hundred miles to the northern limit of her run at Smith Landing, on the Slave River. Here a series of heavy rapids, aggregating 240

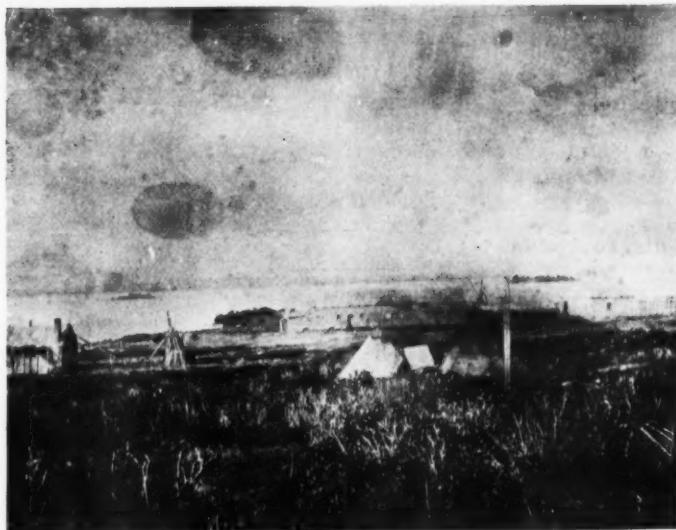
feet of fall in sixteen miles, requires a long portage over which the goods are carried in ox-carts, which make the trip across to Fort Smith on alternate days, returning loaded with furs.

Fort Smith is the most southerly point reached by the steamer "Wrigley," which has a clear run of 1,300 miles down the Mackenzie. This post is remarkable for two things only—for the saline springs near it, which deposit immense quantities of crystal salt, and for its mosquitoes, this being the worst place for mosquitoes in the Far North. These insatiable pests, found everywhere from the international boundary to the islands of the Arctic Sea, render the Canadian summer a season of torment. There are but two seasons in the North, a snow season and a mosquito season!

Crossing the Great Slave Lake on the "Wrigley," I reached Fort Rae on the 7th of July. I made arrangements to winter at this bleak and desolate post, which is not upon the main line of travel. It is situated at the extremity of a peninsula of barren granite hills, sixty miles



SHORE OF GREAT SLAVE LAKE.



FORT RAE.

north of the main body of the lake. Wind-swept and storm-beaten, five miles from fuel,—which must be hauled with dogs,—it only remains there because of the productive fishery near at hand. Only two white men live there, the company's clerk and the French Catholic missionary who has devoted his life to the task of christianizing the Dog Ribs.

These Indians belong to the Chipewyan race. The tribal name, Dog Rib, is a literal translation of the Indian word, *Tli-chuh*. They say that Chappewee was the Creator; that his descendants dwelt harmoniously together, until one day they quarreled as they were gambling with cards, whereupon they became widely dispersed. One of them, whose name is unknown, took a dog, big with young, away with him, which animal in due time brought forth a litter. As he visited his nets the pups threw off their skins and danced and sang as little children, in which state he found them on one occasion, having returned by stealth to the camp. He threw the dog-skins into the fire. The children, thus forced to retain

their identity, grew up as the ancestors of the Dog Ribs. This accounts for their reluctance to adopt the dog as a beast of burden in the place of the women who did the hauling a hundred years ago.

They are "bush Indians," only visiting the fort in July when the annual supplies arrive on the "Wrigley." They spend the summer far out in the Barren Ground, hunting the caribou, which they kill in large numbers by spearing them in the back as the animals are swimming in the lakes. In September they return to the woods with the caribou or reindeer, whose movements they closely follow, as they are dependent upon them for food, clothing and the lodges in which they live. The reindeer is as necessary to the welfare of the Dog Ribs and Yellow Knives as were the buffaloes to our plains Indians.

An old chief, Tenony, urged me to remain with them. "We would not live in your country," said he. "They say that poor people live in holes in the ground and that you do not give everyone a meal that comes to your lodge! You must not

go back to such a poor country. Stay with me and have plenty of fat trout and caribou to eat, and the lodges of my people will always welcome you." A hospitable invitation this; but, when the caribou move a hundred miles or more in a couple of days, as they sometimes do,—the course of their migration depending on the direction of the wind,—and Tenony and his followers have to move their household penates and other baggage by canoe or dog-sledge through a rugged region of barren rocks and stunted forests, or starve, I prefer a milder climate where Plenty is not so fleet of foot and Starvation is not always on my trail.

In March they go on the annual musk-ox hunt in the Barren Ground. Previous to 1893 they hunted the musk-ox in the fall also, but the October hunt has been abandoned, as they have to penetrate farther into the Barrens each year, and the days are too short at that season to travel safely.

Three years ago a hunter was lost in a storm, and each year some one is stricken with paralysis resulting from the hardship and exposure.

A few years ago the Rae hunters found the musk-ox west of the Coppermine river, where the last stunted pines main-



MY HOUSE AT RAE.

tain a foothold in protected situations. Now the animals have been driven back two hundred miles from the timber. They are hunted by the natives tributary to Rae on the north and Resolution on the south side of the Great Slave Lake. As Rae is nearer the Barren Ground, I chose that post as my headquarters.

I engaged a young Indian upon my arrival, who was to act as interpreter and general assistant. As is usually the case with northern Indians, the better he was treated the more impudent he became. Andrew was always ready to "work the kettle," but an ax-handle did not fit his hands!

During the fortnight after arriving at the fort I boarded at the table of the company's trader. Our fare consisted of boiled dried "deer meat" three times a day, and morning and evening a plate of small biscuits, one for each person. Tea and salt completed the bill. One can eat a full meal of deer-meat, dry meat, dried turkey, or "scrap," as it is called, and feel just as hungry as before!

The collection was not growing larger, and my health was growing decidedly worse in the meantime; so that I made every effort to induce the chief, Naohmby, to take me with him on the summer caribou hunt.

Naohmby, like all the other Dog Ribs, thought that if I sent down skins of the caribou to be mounted in my country,



MY SERVANT ANDREW.



YELLOW KNIFE RIVER.

they would live there forever, which happy fate would induce all the vast herds that roam over the Dog Rib territory to migrate southward to join them. He said his young men already had their canoes loaded; Andrew and I could not paddle alone because there were many dangerous rapids; they would have to starve two weeks before reaching the caribou, which were so far away that I would lose courage altogether.

The fear lest this childish superstition would prevent my securing musk-ox in the spring did not add to my peace of mind during the winter.

Finding it impossible to accompany the Indians, I decided to make a reconnaissance into the Barren Ground alone. I was in search of a good field for collecting during the summer of 1894; I wanted ornithological specimens, which were not abundant about Rae; and, last but not least, I wanted something to eat.

Though there were two hundred canoes at the fort, there were none large enough for two men and a camp outfit. I had never acquired the art of paddling a single birch canoe; knowledge of this fact leaked out, and the whole settlement

came down to the landing to see the "Wokahwee" start off. As I slowly and laboriously made my way out of reach of their derisive advice, I was somewhat compensated for my own unpleasant experience by observing the look of painful apprehension on the face of the boy Andrew. This was partly due to his fear that I would be spilled out and fear for his own safety, as I was unable to guide my canoe clear of his own. The canoes were of the peculiar Dog Rib model, made very light for portaging. They were long and sharp, with high curved ends decked over with birch-bark. They were twenty-four inches in the beam with straight sides. Owing to the upward curve they were very short keeled and cranky. Mine wanted to travel in a circle for an hour or two; or, if I did not care about going that way, it seemed willing to compromise by turning bottom up.

We followed the lake shore for four days through a maze of small, rocky islands until we reached the Yellow Knife River. This, like all the rivers of the region, consists of lakes, varying in extent from a few hundred yards to several miles, which are connected by short channels with rapids

and cataracts. This stream was followed by Sir John Franklin in his journey to the Coppermine in 1820 and 1821, and has not been visited by a white man since.

Andrew knew no more about the route than did I, and it was not always easy to find the right channel. We crossed picturesque lakes, as clear as crystal, hemmed in by lofty granite hills, everywhere boulder-strewn, scantily covered with pine, tamarac and birch.

Toward the Barren Ground the hills became more rugged, their summits barren, in places glistening white with broad bands of feldspar, or reflecting the sunlight from the ten thousand pieces of imbedded mica. The vertical cliffs were brilliantly colored by red and yellow lichens. The country rose rapidly as we advanced, the ascent being at least 150 feet at one series of rapids less than a mile in length, and in others nearly as much.

We depended upon the net and our guns for provision. To-day it might be boiled suckers, to-morrow gulls, with an

occasional duck by way of variety. We returned to Fort Rae at the end of eighteen days, having traveled three hundred miles. During the trip we had some interesting experience, shooting rapids and sailing in rough water with the canoes lashed together. We landed at the fort drenched with spray, and everything in the canoes soaking wet.

On our return I found a large canoe with a crew of four Indians and half-breeds just ready to start for Fort Resolution, a hundred and sixty miles distant across the lake. I wished to make arrangements for the buffalo hunt from Resolution in winter, and to see if I could not engage an assistant for the musk-ox trip; so I embraced the opportunity to accompany them. We expected to cross in five days. I provided six days' rations and an abundance of tea for the party. As we were delayed by heavy gales, I portioned out the provision so that it lasted twelve days, and then enjoyed a four days' fast before reaching the fort. My only shelter from



RAPIDS IN YELLOW KNIFE RIVER.

the frequent rains and sleet was a canvas blanket cloth seven feet square. The expedition never possessed a tent. After this long fast I did not feel hungry, but was very weak. In paddling it seemed to me that I could hear the bones creak!

After a day's rest I started back for Rae, this time with plenty of provision. We were again delayed for fourteen days by winds and ice, reaching Rae on the 28th of September.

The month of October was spent in collecting birds and wood. The boy Andrew not being willing to chop wood alone, and I—feeling that my mission was to collect specimens and not to spend the time keeping myself warm—discharged him, paying him for drinking my tea two months and a half.

Until the last four or five years the reindeer or caribou appeared at Rae on the 1st of November. In 1893 they were reported to be within seventy-five miles of the fort on the 1st. The lakes were long since frozen, though the snow was not yet deep enough to afford good sledging across the portages. I engaged a young Indian as guide for a week's hunt, and set off toward the north on the 2d of November. We found the caribou in a low range of mountains, scattered about in bands of from twenty to a hundred. My dogs were keen hunters, and when the caribou appeared on the ice they would give chase at full cry. I would jump on the sled, while Yahty ran behind holding the sled line. The caribou would run circling about us, giving us an occasional chance shot. The bounding, swaying sled was not the best footing from which to do fancy shooting, yet I secured five caribou, making a heavy load which the dogs dragged fifty miles against a strong gale of wind the last day before reaching the fort. The fresh venison made a very acceptable change from our fare of willow ptarmigan, or white partridges, which had been coming about the fort in thousands during the past fortnight.

During the month of November I went upon four such trips, trying to secure

choice caribou skins for museum specimens. I went with a different party of Indians each time, each party having fresh dogs. They would each want to see how "Wokahwee" could run, and they kept me busy running snow shoe races. To run for an hour is not difficult, but to run nine or ten hours a day for a month with the cumbersome snow shoes on my feet tried my strength severely. As a matter of fact I was worn out, but was too proud to give up, and managed to retain to the end the respect of the Dog Ribs for Anglo-Saxon endurance.

The dogs were pretty hardly used, having traveled over five hundred miles, and having brought in heavy loads.

The next thing to be done was to try and secure specimens of the wood buffalo. These animals are so few in number and the country which they inhabit is so large that I had little hopes of getting any; yet, if I did not try there was a positive certainty that I would not secure them. They are found in the unexplored region west of the Great Slave River, between the Peace River and the Great Slave Lake. A few are killed each year by hunters from Forts Resolution, Smith, or Chippewyan, Fort Smith being much the best place from which to hunt them. Mr. Pike, an English gentleman, and Mr. McKinlay, the clerk in charge of Resolution, are the only white men who had ever entered this territory.

On the first of December a dog team, with an Indian to run before the dogs, and a half-breed driver, leaves Rae with the mail to meet the Mackenzie River packet at Fort Providence. By accompanying them and driving my own team, I could reach Resolution without expense, but would just double the distance. The trail across to Providence is only used two or three times each winter, and as we were the first to cross there was no track at all. The route was faintly marked by broken twigs across open meadows, and through cypress thickets and brûlées by blazed trees. We crossed one hundred and ninety lakes and were often delayed

by having to search for the trail leading up from the farther side of the larger ones. The snow was not yet of sufficient depth to cover the fallen timber, so that every few minutes we had to lift the head of the sled over prostrate logs. The snow was soft and the load so heavy that I pushed on the sled with a pole attached to the middle of the load, walking on small snow shoes in the track behind.

We reached the Post early on the 8th, and found the packet waiting for our mail.¹⁰ After a day's rest I started with the packet again, now in charge of fresh men and dogs.

Much has been written about this winter packet which travels two thousand miles by relays of men and dogs before reaching the northernmost railway point. A pine box that will carry two hundred pounds of letters is carried on an H. B. flat sled. The dogs are gayly decorated with "teppes," or dog-blankets, worked with silk and beads, and carry a chime of fifty to a hundred bells. A young half-breed or Indian runs before the team, which is driven by an engaged servant, as the Company's laborers are called. This train travels about thirty-five miles a day in winter, and forty to fifty in the long days of March and April.

Old John Hope, a pure-blood Cree, has driven the packet across the Great Slave Lake for the past nineteen years. It is the coldest and most dangerous portion of the ordinarily traveled route. When a strong wind blows there is nothing to be done but to camp and wait for it to subside, which means to starve men and teams for that length of time, as no provision is taken for delays.

Le Grand Freté, or the "Big Cold" of winter, was now upon us. The temperature ranged from 40° to 60° below zero. There were only one or two days when this caused us any inconvenience while traveling, but at night the intense cold seemed unendurable. We never had any shelter but our blankets.

To keep a fire going all night was impossible. The coals thrown off would burn our blankets, and then, too, it

would keep one man busy cutting wood. I have been informed frequently since my return that I "doubtless became accustomed to the cold, being out day and night nearly the year round." If these individuals had lain from three o'clock until five every morning, unable to sleep from cold and rheumatism, and kicking and squirming to keep from freezing, they might have some doubts about the matter. Then I had either to call the men or make a fire myself. Breaking through the crust of frost and snow and searching in the darkness for a strip of birch bark with which to ignite the charred remnants of the last night's fire, was always a chilly experience. A tin or copper pail, filled with snow, with a handful of black tea in it, would be put on the fire, and a piece of dried deer meat warmed,—this constituted our breakfast, after which, each man loaded and lashed his own sled, an operation occupying ten or fifteen minutes, during which time the hands were often exposed in handling the lines. This was the coldest work of the day. A few minutes' running would make us comfortably warm again. In an hour or two the first gleams of dawn would appear, called "combah" by the Indians, and "small daylight" by the half-breeds. In another hour it would have become "big daylight," and soon after the sun would rise, transforming the endless stretch of snow, bordered by the monotonous pines, into a plain of purity, diamond-studded, bounded by a forest of dark green, softened and rounded by its mantle of snow. The boy before the dogs runs with a free and untiring step. The whip cracks merrily. The bells with a hundred tinkling tongues proclaim the joys of light and life—life is worth living!

At the midday halt another kettle of tea and slab of dried meat is disposed of. Two fish are cut in halves and given to each team of dogs. In an hour we are again on our way. Toward evening the boy stops more frequently. The whip cracks dully on the heavy coats of the tired team. Rough-hewn French and English expletives replace the songs of

the morning. One's limbs have been tired so long that they seem to have lost all feeling. The hands are so numb that it would be impossible to button one's coat. The sled lines must be untied with the teeth. The ice forms over one's beard in a solid mass, which causes the voice to sound muffled, and which in time freezes the lips. The eyelashes are nearly always covered with frost, which seriously interferes with the sight. The vapor from our heated bodies gathers in featherly crystals on the hair of our capotes. At times the *mal de raquette*, or "snow shoe sickness," made our ankle joints gratedry, causing the most exquisite torture at every step,—life is a cold and dismal failure!

Before darkness set in the dogs were halted, and all entered the bush, as in hand, to gather fuel. After piling up about a cord of dead pines, two of us would make the camp while the boy continued carrying wood for the morning fire.

The snow would be thrown aside, using the snow shoes for shovels. Small pines were gathered and stripped, the brush forming a foundation which kept us out of the snow.

As the boy lighted the fire we brought up the sleds. The dogs would be lying

apparently lifeless until the command, "marche!" when they would spring to their feet and throw all their reserve strength into the effort necessary to force the sleds through the soft drifts which gather along the shore. The sleds were placed alongside the square bed of brush, the blankets would be taken out, and eight frozen fish for each team placed before the fire to thaw. More brush must then be piled outside the sleds to keep the dogs from eating the wrappers and lines. The harness was hung out of their reach and then, as soon as the dogs were fed, we were ready for supper, for which we could have choice of dried meat or a roasted whitefish, taking the fish from the dogs' allowance and roasting it on a stick. I sometimes had a small piece of unleavened bread to thaw and, at rare intervals, enjoyed the luxury of a piece of deer's tallow.

After supper the footgear was changed and thoroughly dried. Then we rolled up in our double blankets, a light deer-skin robe outside. The stars shone with a sharp electric glitter, the aurora flamed and waved and streamed far beyond the zenith. Sleep came quickly, and another day was ended.

[Continued in the *July Midland*.]

WHEN MORNING COMES.

BELOVED, when the sun went down the West,
With all its royal banners, red and gold,
Flaunting above the far hill's crimson crest,
And melting down into the twilight's fold,
My heart went with it, all its rosy glow
Lost in the pain of parting. Dull and gray
The heavy clouds hang o'er your lonely way
Across the wide, white prairies' wastes of snow.
Shall morning flush again the eastern sky
With all the regal beauty that the night
Crushed 'neath her sable robes? Nay, love, shall I
Look to the East to see returning light?

Out from the cold, gray West, shall morning come,
When one tired traveler turns his face toward home.

Fanny Kennish Earl.

BELLE'S ROSES.*

BY E. HOUGH.

I.

ON EVERY side, far almost as the eye could reach, stretched the ominous grey of the Arizona desert. Quivering and treacherous as a fabric of woven serpents, and writhing in that semblance under the stroke of the angry sun, the unsubstantial prospect of the sandy plain stretched off and off, until it faded on the horizon into the grim spirit forms of the Fata Morgana, colossal, fantastic, threatening, wide-stalking as the bodes of doom. Not a tree, not a living shrub of green, not a hint of the common blessing of a running stream lay anywhere upon the face of that vista of miserable monotony. Flowerless, waterless, hopeless, it lay. Sixty miles to the west stretched the low black mounds of a half volcanic range of mountains. Sixty thousand leagues it might as well have been.

In a little hollow scooped out in the sand lay seven men, or figures of men. Three of these were motionless. Already, high above in the cloudless and unpitying blue, there swept in wide circles those black ghosts of birds which at such times seem mysteriously conjured out of space by the spirit of dissolution. Hardly more evident of life than these three motionless ones were the other four figures which lay crouched or prone upon the sand. Haggard, distressed, parched, dumb, they looked dully at each other and about them, and saw no hope either in the face of friend or in the face of the merciless heavens. It was all over with Captain Henry Jordan and his little scouting party. Every man there knew it. And so did every skulking renegade Apache of the band now lying out under the mesquite bushes, waiting for heat and thirst to complete what they dared not rush in and complete for themselves.

The heavy hours dragged on, unmarked by any ictus save now and then

the whish of an arrow or the crack of an answering rifle shot. These were soldiers of the regular army. While they lived they would fight. There were motionless figures also out among the mesquites, for the Western rifles had not been handled carelessly. But this fight was simply the fight of despair. Night would end it. Lower and lower sank the sun toward the black mountains: Lower and lower also sank the blackwinged birds.

"My God!" groaned Captain Jordan, "if we could only get out and bury our men!" Then, turning to his living companions, "My boys," he said, tears starting to his eyes as he spoke, "I've got you all into this. I oughtn't to have done it. What will they say of me at the post!"

"Cap," said one voice, "they can't say nothin' of you ner none of us, except'n we died game. An' I 'low we all got to go some day."

"Corporal Hankins, how's your arm?" asked Jordan.

"All right, Cap'n, thank ye sir," replied Corporal Hankins, in a lie so brave it must have been forgiven. Corporal Hankins' lips would have been very white had they not been so grimed with dust and powder smoke.

"How are you feeling, Snyder?"

"I guess I can shoot a while longer, Captain," was the simple reply. Private Snyder was shot through the side.

"Are you badly hurt, Jim?"

"Naw," answered the last man, Jim Haines, scout and frontiersman. "On'y a scratch on my leg—don't amount to nothin'. I reckon you're worse off yourself than any of us with that leg of your'n, Cap'n, aint ye?"

"Bad enough," said Jordan quietly. "I can't last till morning. There isn't so much glory in this as I used to think. If it

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were a straight fight with men I wouldn't mind, but those beasts!—I only hope my mother will never know much about it."

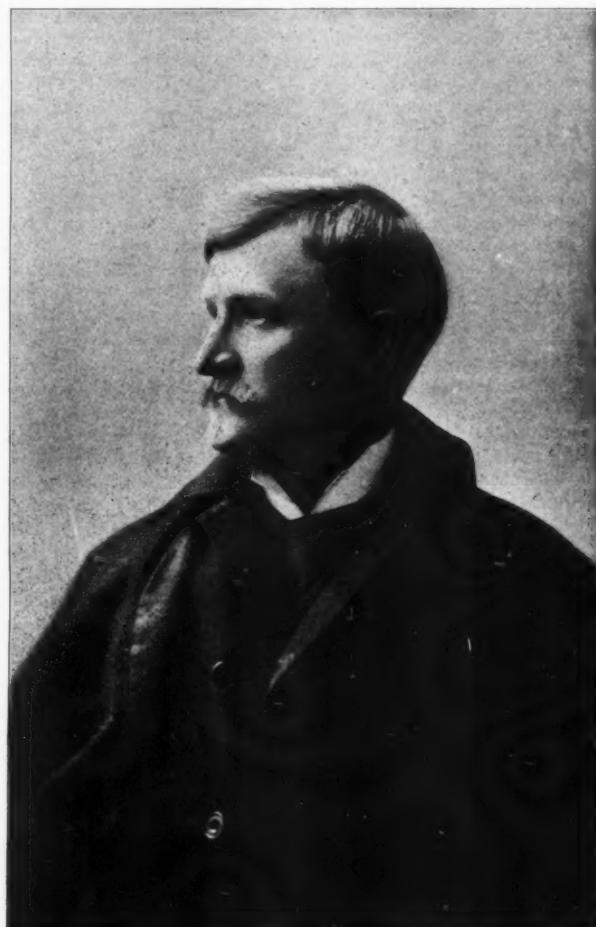
Something in these words filled the soul of every hearer with rage. Rage glared in the eyes of all. Haines, the only man who could do so, sprang to his feet, shook aloft a clenched hand and hurled forth a torrent of imprecations. He was answered by a torrent of arrows and rifle balls. One of the remaining horses which, dull and nearly overcome with thirst and fatigue, stood fastened just at one side of the little trench, fell, shot through the lungs.

"Down, man, down!" cried Jordan feebly. "Do you want our last good man and horse killed? Keep down!"

"It don't make no difference," said Haines sullenly, as he sank back behind the rim of the sand-pit. "We'll never get out anyway. There's over thirty 'Paches in that bunch."

Indeed, there was no hope for the little party of soldiers who lay here in the sand-hole. Silence fell upon them. The breath of

the coming evening was but the fanning of the wing of the angel of Death. It was a question whether Private Snyder could shoot even a little while longer, now. Captain Jordan, slowly, carefully, with eyes not altogether clear, had been writing for some time upon the blank leaves of a memorandum book he had taken from his pocket.



With permission of "Forest and Stream."
EMERSON HOUGH.

"Jim," he said at length, quietly.

"*Que carey, Cap'n?*" answered Haines, starting up and speaking in the half-Spanish which, as much as any other, was the language of the country.

"Jim, it's coming on night," said Captain Jordan, "and it's going to be dark. There's no hope for us and there's no use trying for help. But there's my horse and yours. You're the strongest man in the lot. If you can creep out after dark, there's one chance in a thousand you can reach the range and make the railroad before noon to-morrow."

"I couldn't git no squad here in time, Cap'n," said Jim.

"I know you couldn't. That isn't it. I don't want you to go for help. I want you to go—"

"You want me to go away and leave you fellers here?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won't do it."

"I am the officer in command of this party, sir, and I order you to do it!" said Jordan, sharply.

"All right, Cap'n. Fer onc't in my life I'm goin' to distobey orders. I'd sooner distobey a dead officer,—beggin' your pardon, Cap'n,—than to go off like a d—d coward and leave my pardners while they was alive, an' in a hole like this."

"Pardner," said Jordan tremulously, laying a hand on the man's shoulder and lapsing yet more deeply into the easy Western speech, "I reckon you'd do it to oblige a friend, wouldn't you?"

"You mustn't put it that way, Cap'n; it aint fair. They aint no earthly obligation I can do fer you. It's too late fer help. If I went off now, who'd prove to the boys at the post that I didn't run away like a skulkin' coward—they aint none of you fellers could ever tell fer'nt. Besides, it aint right."

"Listen here, Jim. There isn't much chance that you'll get through. They'll probably get you in the morning, for I don't believe either of the horses will hold out. But if you do get through, here's a paper stating that I sent you out.

That will clear you, if you should need any clearing. You must get to the railroad and to the post. You must start the boys out. Tell them—describe it—they'll—they'll find us. But you must not come back with them here. You must go from the post straight on to the States for me."

"To the States, Cap'n! What's the matter with you—are you wanderin'?" The rough scout put an arm under his officer's shoulder and looked anxiously into his face. All barriers of rank were rapidly fading away in these last moments.

"No, old man," said Jordan, smiling faintly, "but I'm getting weak mighty fast. Hold on till I try to tell you—you'll go, old man, as a last favor, won't you?"

"Clear to the States, Cap'n—why, how can I?"

"Promise me!"

The steel of Jordan's nature overcame the iron of the other. Haines set his lips.

"I reckon I'll have to go, Cap'n," said he, "though you might git plenty better for that sort of a trail. Do you want me to go to your folks?"

"Yes, after a while. But first you must take this letter to the woman whose name is on it, here. You must find her—no matter where she is—before the end of June. It is the 3d of June to-day. I am sending you East because I know I can depend on you to deliver this letter before the end of the month. You must get some roses, some red roses, somewhere here in Arizona, and you must give her the roses with the letter, and tell her I sent you. Put them in her hands, and tell her I sent you. Every year, in June, ten years now, I've sent her some red roses. It's June now. These are the last, now—tell her these are the last."

"She your wife, Cap'n?" asked Haines gently.

"No."

"Was she, ever?"

"No; but she ought to have been," groaned Jordan. "I'd be better fit to die to-night if she had been."

"She throws ye over, I expect, Cap'n?"
Jordan nodded.

"An' you're sendin' me away, now, to leave you fellers here alone, 'thout no chance on earth to git away, fer to go an' pack a lot of flowers to some d---d fool woman that'd throw over a man like you! Well, by ——."

"Hush, Jim, hush! Don't swear. You mustn't speak so of this woman, or any woman. I forgave her, years ago. We can't fight women, you know, as if they were Indians."

"Seems's if they was a good deal alike!" muttered Jim, "you can't depend on 'em, neither one."

Jordan did not hear him. "There's another thing, Jim," he continued weakly, "more important than all the rest. You know my little girl, Anita, at the post?"

"Is that your daughter, Cap'n, that little black-eyed four-year-old? Why, she's half-Mexican, aint she? I 'lowed you'd 'dopted her. Say, it can't be — you don't mean that this woman in the States is her mother?"

Jordan's face flushed deeply, weak and faint as he was. "No! No!" said he, with all his energy. "Don't ask me, Jim; don't ask me too much. Belle Danvers isn't 'Nita's mother, but she ought to have been, God knows. Perhaps she will be, yet. Take 'Nita to her. Tell her the child has no mother — we were to have been married the 27th of June, ten years ago. Oh God! I don't know, I don't understand it all. I don't see how it is a man can start out, trying to live right and be honest, and not wanting to harm a soul on earth, and yet get so far away from happiness, and so far from what he knows is right. I don't see how I got so far below my own standard of living — I oughtn't to blame her, Jim, ought I? But sometimes I think if she had been fair, if she had only been just, — that's all I ever wanted on the earth, — my baby wouldn't be motherless and worse than that, and I wouldn't be lying here now. And I must go and leave it all unsettled — all wrong — Oh, it's all wrong, all wrong! This world doesn't go right, Jim; it isn't just.

Will we have another chance somewhere, I wonder, and will it all be clear?"

An hour later Jordan spoke again. His voice had sunk to a broken whisper. "Jim!" he called feebly.

"Yes, Cap'n," whispered Haines, bending over him.

"My last wish — take her my roses, and my letter, and — and my baby, and my love — I don't know what love is — it seems to last — I don't think I quite understand — don't understand anything! — Ride on, Private Haines! — Jim, Jim!"

"Yes, Cap'n."

"Is it night?"

Thus it happened that Jim Haines, part soldier, part scout, part cattleman and all frontiersman, started out, a strange messenger on a mission yet more strange. Private Snyder was lying very quiet as Jim touched him to say good-bye. Corporal Hankins shook him feebly by the hand. With all his might Jim struggled to keep down the noise of his own sobbing. He was weeping like a child as he bent over the saddle-horn and urged bay Nellie cautiously forward. Captain Jordan's horse he left behind. "I won't be the one to part him and his horse," muttered he. With this one soldierly thought to cheer him, he trotted slowly out from what he thought to be the line of the lurking foe, turned then toward where his instinct told him the mountains lay, and, settling down into the saddle, took up the swinging gallop of the plains.

III.

In every part of Nature's infinite and exquisite machinery, from the law of gravitation down to the laws working through human misery, there is fixed immutably the principle of compensation. There is put upon no atom of the universe a strain for which there has not been made a merciful, or merciless, provision. The soldier in actual battle knows no fear. The victim under the lion's paw does not feel pain. Any imminent calamity brings with it a numbing and dulling of the sense which must sustain it. Thus, mer-

cifully or mercilessly, the hurt sense is enabled to support the shock then and perhaps again. Nature must go on. Were this pitiless mercy not implanted with the very seeds of the universe, all earth would so resound with lamentations that the business of life and living could not for a moment endure.

We need not weep, therefore, for our beleaguered soldier and his companions, nor question concerning them. They met the fate of mankind under the palliatives which such disaster brings. Moreover, theirs was the fate of men and gentlemen sustained by honor, courage and a sense of duty ; things of which we hear little in these days, but which in time of ultimate distress may even yet appear, radiant and noble, to show that dying is not worse than living, nor less a part of the plan of life at large.

The messenger of these unfortunates held on his way across the desert. The apathy of misery had assailed him, and he had small care whether it were life or death that faced him ; but still, pushed on by the hand of a stern purpose, borne up, perhaps, by strength of the immortal faithfulness, the invincible vigor of resolve, which made the very soul of his mission, he pressed on and on, dogged, persistent, unafraid, faithful himself to a faith which death had not been strong enough to kill, in his mind but one burning picture, in his heart but one formulated desire. Rough Jim Haines appeared to himself only as a hard-pressed frontiersman, athirst nearly unto death and many miles from safety. To other eyes he may have been far more. He knew not that he was a messenger of truth and justice. He knew nothing of that great truth so often doubted by us all, that justice does live forever and will prevail for each of us, either in this measured time of ours or in a time to come. That, too, is one of Nature's compensations. Therefore, though Jim Haines, the humble instrument thereto, knew nothing of all this, to eyes unseen the rude rider of the plains may have been tall and stately, clothed in beauty and in strength, while

under the brown and patient feet of his laboring steed there may have been wings, lifting and flying toward the end of that which ought to be.

No horse of any breed on earth except that of the plains could have done what bay Nellie did, waterless and under a broiling sun most of the way, carrying a forty pounds saddle and a man who with rifle and belt weighed close upon two hundred more. In the chronicles of that region Jim Haines' ride is spoken of today as a feat never to be repeated. Perhaps it will not be,—or not until again the immortal spirit of love shall join unseen hands with justice and so help on the rider.

By some fiendish cunning of their own the savages had discovered that one of their victims had escaped them, and by some means unknown a pursuing party from their band had followed the trail as true as hounds. Their horses, light, wiry and less encumbered than that of the plainsman, made even better speed for a time. When morning dawned Haines knew well what the dark figures on the horizon meant. He looked back grimly, and deliberately slackened Nellie's lop-eared lope into a walk. A few miles further and he would be in the broken country of the *Mal País* range, through which but one trail for horsemen led. It was not probable that the Apaches would follow him far into the hills, for they themselves would dread an ambush. Up to the hills Haines knew he could keep his distance. It was half deliberate plan and half an unreasoning and blind longing for revenge which made him loiter along as he did. The scream of a bullet and a vicious spit or two in the sand near by informed him that his enemies had opened fire upon him. Slowly and deliberately, with sheer anger in every feature, he dismounted, adjusted the leaf of his own rifle sight, kneeled upon the sand and sped a wicked, careful shot. He watched some seconds for the little puff of dust cut up by the ball, which fell a trifle short. Then rapidly, before the savages had time to scatter or to change

the range, he jerked down the lever, raised the muzzle a grade higher without stopping to adjust the rear sight, and once, twice, three times sent the heavy bullet on its mission. The Anglo-Saxon surpasses the Indian in any art, no matter how rude. The antelope hunter of the plains has skill with the rifle which no Indian can attain. These five Apaches had come too close. One of their number, so far away that the bitter-faced rifleman could scarcely have told the color of his blanket had he worn one, went down, horse and all.

"D—n you, that's one!" muttered Jim. "D—n you! D—n you!" An oath to a shot, the lever rattled, and the bullets sped until the magazine of the rifle was empty. Then Jim stood erect, took a cartridge from his belt, and fired a last vindictive shot before refilling the magazine. Slowly, looking backward, fairly aglow with dull rage, and half a mind to turn back in pursuit of his pursuers, he then resumed the saddle and fared on, head still over shoulder, angry and not dismayed.

That ended the pursuit. If the Apaches came closer Haines never knew it. He was soon deep in the windings of the *Mal Pais* trail, and crowding plucky Nellie on and on. Fifteen miles—ten—five. At last, haggard, begrimed, red-eyed, nearly crazed, and muttering no one knew what about not being able to "find any rose-flower in the whole God-forsaken country," he reeled from his horse to the platform at the station and lay face upward in the terrible sun.

III.

For one who has never seen the inimitable panorama of the Western mountains there are few more beautiful, albeit quiet, pictures to be seen in America than those lying in that region of which we may call Lake George the center. To ascend the noble Connecticut Valley, to cross the granite hills to the shore of historic Champlain, then to descend that lake and Lake George, to pass on for a sojourn at Saratoga, crossing thence to

the Hudson, and descending that stream to the city by the sea—one can see much of America and of American life in that one journey. Such a journey is pleasantest in the summer. If a whole summer can be devoted to it, then very well. Belle Danvers was thus devoting the entire summer of this year.

There is a certain so-called Summer School of Languages which annually assembles at a quiet old city near the upper end of Lake Champlain, and which is largely attended by school teachers of the linguistic sort, by ladies of a literary turn of mind, and young persons of advanced ideas who much affect to disport themselves in that high wave of self-complacency which is now passing over the country under the general name of Culture. This summer school has features which should appeal to the thrifty among its patrons, for one can there carry on the duty of self-development,—that immediate and pressing care ever at hand for the truly advanced,—and can at the same time pass a very pleasant summer vacation amid scenes favorable to rest and recreation. It was here that Miss Danvers had seen fit to establish herself. Here, aloof from all the busy world, she had made herself very comfortable, and was well recovered from the fatigues of what she persuaded herself had been a very dutiful and trying year. Indeed, her toil had been that attendant upon a wide system of calling acquaintances and dressmakers, varied by numerous literary societies, reading clubs, missions for the poor, bureaus of thought, and associations for the advancement of woman. For Belle Danvers, sweet-faced and thoughtful, irreproachably well-dressed, and fair in high degree to look upon, belonged distinctly among those strange products of to-day's civilization which we can only hopelessly call "advanced" young women. These already form a class. Presently the class will fade away. Most of all, there is change in the fauna of this world.

Miss Danvers was a Western girl, if being born near the Mississippi River

makes one Western to-day. All the better for what she herself would have called her "type"; for she was simply a blossom of wondrous grace and delicacy borne upon a rugged parent stem—a type whose united vigor and fineness we shall not find anywhere better than in the West. Mingled good sense and sweetness of mien, poise, self-reliance, yet comeliness of figure, charity of heart, tenderness of soul—what a narrow escape Belle Danvers had from being a woman, and what a woman she might have been!

Belle's parents had devoted their lives to the simple pursuit of making money, devoutly believing that to be the chief and proper end of any life. Of books and the arts, of the wider world, of anything beyond the narrow circle of business and household routine, neither the men nor the women of the Danvers family knew or cared the least. The education of the desk and of the household task seemed to them sufficient. Upon Belle—the youngest of the family—they looked, as the years passed by, with distrust, surprise, amazement, and then pride. Later, the pride became idolatry, and the youngest of them all became the family oracle. The close of an academic course had left in Belle's mind a thirst for the higher and less frequented springs of knowledge. Books, reading, a degree at Vassar, a year in Europe, all these came in natural sequence; and their result was a transformation in mind, thought, and methods of life, a rebound to the very opposite of the old family ways. Belle reformed her family, from table manners to parlor ornaments. In return, her family worshipped her. So far, very well. Meantime, Belle Danvers had twice fallen in love; once with a man, and once with a theory of a man. These loves are inconsistent.

One trait Miss Danvers had in pronounced degree—that of secretiveness. This was inherited. It is probable that the type of the pure business man is descended from the ground-squirrel, which cannot talk because its mouth is too full

of things it is hurrying to hoard. The hoarding instinct renders squirrel or man chary of even the slightest acquisition which has come within grasp of mouth or mind. Secrecy is a necessity in business. Generations of business thrift and secrecy had made the Danvers fortune, which was a substantial one. It had also left upon this daughter of the family a niggardliness of herself, of her thoughts and her experiences, which made her a study even to her closest friends. There was a jest among them that Belle would not tell you the time of day without coaxing. Little apt, then, was she to explain fully to her family the involutions of those thoughts naturally the most secret, or to converse freely over any affair of the heart. That there had been such an affair in Belle's life her people knew very well. They knew that it happened years ago, when Belle was in Vassar, just turned twenty. They knew that the man in the case was a young officer at West Point, and the thought of this filled their minds with horror. They also knew that the affair was ended, and so they let it rest, shrouding the daughter of the family all the more with a tenderness of their own, which she silently returned. It was contrary to family maxims to press an unpleasant topic, and therefore few questions were asked. Belle had little to volunteer by way of detailed information. "There could be no advantage in that," she said calmly. Her people in their stolid way respected her wish, since they did not believe in doing anything in which there was not advantage. They had opposed the marriage because they could see no advantage in that. After the day had been fixed for the wedding, the engagement had been broken. Why? There could be no advantage in asking, and they did not ask. The Danvers family was unique.

To answer that little question, "Why?" would take a far look into the deep waters which ran stilly through Belle Danvers' life. It would bring one back to a time years ago when, upon a pleasant night in June, there came into her

life an hour of that superb happiness which has no counterpart on earth and no superior predictable for a world to come, since from this supreme joy we are not able to measure on. That was the hour when Belle Danvers loved the man and owned it, and felt it sing in every fiber of her soul, and heard the leaves whisper it, and saw the infinite stars look down and ratify her vow of faith.

Then, if we should press further our question, "Why?" we should fall upon another night, later in her life, when, white faced and quivering, in her misguided fancy a martyr to duty and to principle, she sent away from her the man she once had loved because, short by the yard-stick, wanting by the scale, he fitted not her fine-built theory of a man. "I do not love him," she protested to herself. "I must not love him. I ought not to love him. He is not wholly good and perfect. Better I should spend my life among good women, putting down this love and making myself a type of what Woman to-day may be, a being of herself, not fettered by ancient custom, and not dependent upon a man." This was when she loved the theory of a man. After that, pride, resolution, determination,—of all which she had a plenty. Somewhere down among all these things we should find the answer to that question, "Why?" which, by her deliberate yet mistaken act, Belle Danvers had caused to rise, not only in curiosity but also misery, in first one heart and then another, and then others and others; for so does a pebble in the sea of error spread ripples on and on.

Thus it was that Belle Danvers had for years been forward among those young women of her city who professed themselves devoted to "plain living and high thinking," and who thought, or thought they thought, that their main duty in life was the abolishment of what it pleased them to term the Oriental type of woman. These young people were very eager in their efforts at self-improvement. They read the best of current literature, considered it a duty to

be "posted" upon the political issues of the day, and not less a duty to take the pattern of each new piece of fancy work from the journals which made the accepted authority upon the standard of the advanced taste. In matters of household decoration, in matters of cookery, in matters even of sanitary drainage and plumbing, they were uniformly agreed in theory and in such practice as they could compass. Each young woman had in her parlors a collection of photographs of the leading works of art of the world. Many had made the tour of Europe, and those who had not, longed to do so from an earnest sense of duty. The good, the true, right, duty, the beautiful—all these words fell lightly from the lips of these unfortunate folk, who made themselves very busy, and we may fear a trifle miserable, in their struggle to cover the field they had assigned themselves. Plain men did not understand them. Perhaps they did not fully understand themselves. But the more they failed of that, the more they loved their phantom of the good and true, and the more fondly they embraced their doctrine of the individual.

As leader of such a circle of advanced thought, it would naturally be supposed that Miss Danvers would attend a summer school of languages so widely advertised and so eminently correct as this one on the shore of Lake Champlain. With the assistance of an extensive and faultless wardrobe, she was now "brushing up her French," resting from her labors of abolishing the Oriental woman, and passing a very pleasant summer.

Belle Danvers was now a woman past thirty years of age. There were, and for years had been, premature streaks of gray in her dark hair, though these but served to make the more distinguished a personality already pleasantly distinct. Constant care had kept her health perfect. Constant training had made her physique admirable. Constant education had given her carriage an excellent ease and grace. Not a harsh line was evident in her form or in her character. A more feminine-looking woman never blessed

the earth. As gentle, apparently, in heart as she was soft of voice and hand, with good forehead and straight dark brows over wide and kind gray eyes, with no cast of surplus mentality or in-

tellectual severity to detract from the sweetness of a mouth young and pensive as a child's—what a glorious woman, we may not refrain from repeating, Belle Danvers might have been !

[*To be Concluded in the July Midland.*]

RETROSPECTION.

YOU came when summer reigned supreme,
The year was in its prime,
Wrapped in one long, delicious dream,
Life took no note of time ;
The song of birds, the drowsy croon
Of waters murmuring low
Scarce stirred the drowsy heart of June,
In that sweet long ago.

It was a strange and sacred thing,
The gift I gave to you ;
Your eyes they dried Love's living spring
As sunbeams drink the dew ;
As Parsee bows him to the sun,
Of objects most divine,
Love, adoration, both in one,
Their largess all was thine.

In beauteous visions of the night,
In glorious dreams by day,
Your face it was my source of light
And guiding star alway ;
Though billowy-bosomed, over-bowed,
The storm wrack in its wrath,
A golden lining for each cloud
That fell across my path.

And now when sadder days are born,
So lonely and so drear ;
When all the gentle dews of morn
Leave but a twilight tear ;
Of all the years that I might live,
And all the joys attain,
What generous share would I not give
To have them back again !

Ah, vain the wish and sad the thought
That chills my aching heart,
By passion tortured, anguish wrought,
The tears unbidden start !
My bark has left Life's peaceful bays
Bound for some unknown shore,
And breaks my heart for other days
That come again no more !

The wandering waters seek the sea,
Their labor not in vain,
Returning to the the thirsty lea
In showers of welcome rain ;
For me there is no recompense
In earth or heaven above,
Whose soul with agony intense
Bemoans a buried love !

ROME, GEORGIA.

Montgomery M. Folsom.

THE IOWA SEMI-CENTENNIAL AGAIN.

BY HON. GEORGE F. PARKER,
United States Consul at Birmingham, England.

A GENEROUS response has been made throughout Iowa to my suggestion about a celebration of the jubilee of the admission of the State into the Union.* I find the press sympathetic, as it always shows itself with anything having sentiment behind it, and many letters have reached me from the friends of other days, to whom even absence does not bring entire forgetfulness, all approving the purpose most cordially. It is pleasing to one long absent to have kind words for himself, but it is still more gratifying to know that even the most modest appeal to State pride and patriotism can command such immediate approval. As I have been asked to supplement my former paper by a more detailed expression of the scheme in mind when writing it, I have pleasure in doing so.

It seems to me essential that the celebration should be made a distinctly popular one. Facilities ought to be provided by which every person in the State, young or old, native or foreign born, may have some part in the commemoration. It will be a necessity that a State or central ceremony shall take place; but this, it seems to me, should be a natural outgrowth from a general movement among the people themselves in their primary capacity as the real rulers of the State. Every school, church, social or party organization should do something for the promotion of the object in view, take some action to show the interest of its individual constituents and of itself as a body. To do this, systematic organization throughout the State will be a necessity. The task of devising this will naturally have to be laid upon some central body already in existence, or to be

devised. From what I know of it and its active officers and members, it seems to me that no more appropriate body than the Pioneer Law-Makers' Association could be chosen to act in the first instance. It could call into consultation with itself the State Historical Department, a State Old Settlers' Society, if there is one, and any other organizations having for their purpose the study of early history and tradition and the maintenance of early associations. An appeal from such a voluntary body will make the way easy, as societies of a like character in districts, counties and towns will be certain to respond promptly and heartily. This done, further arrangements may be left to the intelligent representative body which will result from such preliminary action. The principal work remaining to be done will be the creation of a public sentiment which, rendering certain the participation of the whole people in the event, will make it a conspicuous success.

Naturally after this work is done one of the first things to be sought will be legislative authority or sanction for the project. This ought to be secured as promptly as possible after the meeting of the next General Assembly, ample time being thus allowed for carrying out all the preliminaries in order to have matters in a state of forwardness by the opening of the year whose close will mark the completion of the half-century period.

When the character of the popular proceedings has been determined and the most fitting and available time fixed for different forms of the commemoration, it will be desirable that steps should be taken for circulating in the widest possible manner complete reports of what it is proposed shall be done.

In my opinion a large liberty should be left to local authorities, even the smallest, as to the forms or ceremonies best

* See paper, "Celebration of Iowa's Jubilee" (with portrait of Mr. Parker), in THE MID-LAND of January, 1895.

adapted to their people and surroundings. While ideas will not widely differ nor the methods adopted be greatly variant from one another, many communities will have among their people a pretty well-developed plan which may vary in details from another and even a contiguous district,—the important thing being, not uniformity, but a universal desire to carry out a common purpose.

One is entitled to assume that the public school shall be the foundation of every popular movement among our people, whatever may be its intention. Happily this is always organized, ever ready for giving expression to the wants and aspirations of the people among whom it finds a place. It has been employed for many years to celebrate Arbor Day and thus to promote one of the most useful of the ideas put forward by a really practical man. It has also been customary to commemorate through our widely scattered schools a knowledge of our American writers, and thus to increase the stock of universal patriotism which even a surface study of their works promotes. It is obvious, therefore, that the school should be the basis of our movement to recognize the virtues and achievements of the founders of the State. Upon some appropriate day exercises might be had in each school throughout the limits of Iowa, having for their purpose a review of the conditions which have made us what we are. The history of the State should be studied by the pupils against the day of this celebration. The recollections of pioneers still living should be drawn upon to instruct the young in the achievements of their fathers. The literature which is the result of over fifty years of work might well be read and criticised by teachers and those pupils competent to do this with intelligence and profit, and the result communicated to their fellows. The fact should not be forgotten or overlooked that, however much the State has grown or developed in population, wealth and intelligence, it does not stand alone, but owes its position to the institutions which our form of

government so well represents, and that Iowa has been built up as a part of a great system, the ideas of which it has, in its turn, done something to promote in still newer communities.

It should constantly be borne in mind, too, by all who have anything to do with this event, and it is hoped this will include the whole people, that it celebrates something more than the mere triumph of mind and body over natural difficulties. Important as our material development has been in times of peace, great as the State showed itself in a period of war, important though it is to humanity that so many hundreds of thousands of people should be well fed and clothed and housed, and so many children educated and given an opportunity to earn a living and to make homes for themselves, the building of character is no less vital to continued development now than it was in the days of the early settlers who, amid difficulties of which the present generation can have little conception, laid deep and broad the foundations of a new American commonwealth. We are not now compelled to deal, as in other times, with the drawbacks incident to poverty and physical struggle, but the temptations inseparable from increasing prosperity are none the less serious. We have no great moral questions, like slavery, to demand large sacrifices and to loom up large with civil war and its resulting problems, but we do have the responsibilities incident to that peace which "hath her victories no less than war." If we are to meet new conditions as they arise, no less of study or patriotic devotion will be required than in the earlier days.

All these ideas may be enforced in the schools, among which should be included the State University and the colleges and academies which dot the State in every quarter. Each of these institutions is the center of a large field, in many cases representing the effort and the enterprise of some sect or neighborhood which was not satisfied until it founded a school for promoting the higher education. It would be impossible to exaggerate the work

done by these institutions, and it is especially important that they should assist in the pleasant task of commemorating the present position of the State, under whose laws they have been able to do their part. They have obligations as well as rights and, as they have never shirked, may now be depended upon to do all that lies in their power to make the setting of the fiftieth milestone a conspicuous success.

Then there are the churches. There is none which will not gladly recognize its obligation to the founders of the State in thankfulness for laying, in the best possible way, the basis of every church now in existence within our boundaries. The growth of instrumentalities inside the church for reaching more completely every element in the community renders it the more easy to reach a larger proportion of the people than it has ever been before. Not only may clergymen give attention to the history of the State by sermons, but the lecture-room may well be used by both clergymen and laity to inform the congregations fully upon the things immediately about them, and thus to create public sentiment.

It is hardly necessary to mention the importance of the newspaper or its educating influence upon such an occasion. The discussion which has followed the mere hint that the event should be celebrated may be taken as an earnest that everything possible will be done to make its details known to the public, as well as to give interest and value to its commemoration in every neighborhood, as well as in the State at large.

I venture to hope, too, that an impulse may be given to literary development by this attempt to arouse general interest in the State and its history. Much remains to be done, even of the preliminary work necessary to make our earlier history known and useful. We have gathered together some portion of what the French happily call *Mémoires pour servir*, but much remains to be done in order to put them into a form that will be both modern and literary. So far as I know, no really effective history of the State has yet been

written, while it is certainly true that the story of many of our older communities has not been told in such a way as both to deserve and command attention. Public interest in our history should produce a demand for such a book and the supply would inevitably follow.

I am sure that we have not even fairly begun to develop the wealth hid in our mines of autobiography. In the mind of a single man, Judge George G. Wright, there is, I am sure, a better history of the State, a more comprehensive idea of its inner development, than has yet seen the light, and if he could be induced to write out what he knows it would be a contribution to the story of the commonwealth and its people quite unequaled by all the books thus far written about the State. I mention the honored name of Judge Wright only as an illustration, and because he can declare concerning our growth as a separate community, "all of which I said and part of which I was." But there are many more whose recollections would be equally valuable within their limits, and which will soon be lost to the world unless they are put down before long in black and white. So, too, the inside history of many important political events, some of them single transactions and others co-related with things in the Nation or in other states, remains to be written. It is important that all these fragments should be gathered up so that nothing be lost.

The same conclusions apply to many things in natural history. It ought not to be too much to hope that some modern Gilbert White of Selborne may come to the front. There may be, even among his successors in the church, some clergyman who will not scorn to tell the world all about the distinctive birds and animals, especially those, once familiar to every school-boy, which have already disappeared, or threaten soon to disappear from the face of the earth. Accounts of their distribution and habits are no less valuable as contributions to history than the story of some events which vain man thinks more important because he imagines them to be due to his own efforts.

If the somewhat bare annals of angling should develop another Izaak Walton, the source of some part of our early food supply would be better known.

I must confess that, for my part, I have never yet seen what seemed to me an adequate analysis of the various elements which contributed to make up the early population of the State, or, for that matter, of any Western state, and yet upon the completed record of this the historian of the future must depend for his local color, for a knowledge of those things which make Iowa and the northern Mississippi valley different from the older states of that "West" which has, for so long a time, kept moving on toward the setting sun. And yet they were as different from the people who settled in Missouri, Illinois or Michigan as men can be who belong to the same race and live under the same political institutions.

If the interest of the people is fixed upon all the points involved in a jubilee celebration and its attention is once directed to itself, all these things will be advantaged and we may hope for a development of literary effort along the whole line, and not merely upon novels or stories which, while they have their value, are, in too many cases, the result of an inadequate study of materials and of rapid generalizations made by persons not always qualified to produce those definitive results which are at once artistic and historical and are, therefore, contributions to real literature rather than ephemeral things to be read and thrown aside as fit only for the amusement of an idle hour.

A word remains to be said about a central celebration, or ceremony. This is no less important than local effort. It should be held at the Capital, under the sanction of the authorities of the State, and should be representative of everything that is best within its boundaries. Whatever can confer dignity upon it should be fully and freely developed. The season at which it will occur does not, perhaps, permit the show and pageantry that would be possible and so proper in the summer season, but there will be little difficulty

in devising ceremonies which, while simple, as befit our people and the ideas under which we have grown, will also be striking and effective in showing our citizens and our neighbors that we not only know how to make a state, but that we have the faculty of letting the world know it in a proper and fitting way. The President of the United States, the governors of our sister states, in every geographical quarter, the men of light and leading contributed by Iowa to the newer states, added to its own people, will, I am sure, combine to make a show of manhood not to be surpassed anywhere.

Rather less than most persons, I believe, am I interested in pageantry and show, and for this reason I have attempted rather to keep them in the background in favor of the more solid qualities inherent in the achievements of a people. But we Americans are too much instead of too little inclined to study the real sources of human power as developed among ourselves. We are, perhaps, from the nature of our surroundings, prone to forget the things that have gone before, to look to the end rather than to the complex means which have produced it. Nothing, therefore, but good can come from any movement which enables us to stop, even for a day, in order to look over the road we have traveled; to study the careers of the guides who blazed out the way; to put aside for the time the mere present, so that we may see what forces have combined to produce it, and to take account of stock for the future. I shall watch, with all the interest possible to one far away, the development of the scheme I have suggested. I can but think that the commemoration, if carried out, will redound greatly to the credit and advantage of the State with which so much of my life is identified, and to the broadening of interest in, and knowledge of, that West to which I am so firmly attached and in whose power for good, and its destiny as the home of many millions of prosperous, contented and happy Americans, I so strongly believe.

ON THE ISLAND.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI BOTTOM LANDS.

BY WILLIAM SCHUYLER.

I.

ALL day long on the island the wind blew furiously, bending the slender hickory saplings nearly to the ground and making the tall sycamores and cottonwoods shudder. Dense and contorted black clouds hurried across the sky, and at intervals the rain fell in sheets which, dashing into spray against the trees, shut out the river entirely from view. And what a terrible thing that river was! — its yellow surface streaked and mottled with foam in the sheltered sloughs, and bristling with savage white-caps in the open, where through the shifting veil of rain and spray could be seen twisted trees, scattered planks, fragments of buildings, and sometimes an entire barn or dwelling hurled onward in ruin. From time to time there would be a lull in the tempest. The bending and shuddering trees would straighten out again, the sharp blue sky would pierce through the clouds and an occasional gleam of sunshine would flash across the island. But the river continued steadily rising. Already the water was over the banks, surrounding the willows and black-jacks that lined the shore, uprooting and carrying away some of them, and towards the end of the afternoon it came slowly but steadily crawling up the wheat-fields toward Jakob Kremer's farm-yard and house.

As Kremer's place was nearest the river and in the most exposed position, a group of anxious people from the other farms on the island clustered in front of the little story and a half house, ceaselessly grunting about the flood which was threatening their scanty possessions. In the midst of them Kremer's wife, Lena, a young thing, with evident signs of approaching maternity, rocked nervously in a rickety chair, while her little daughter, about two years old, played at her feet.

"I tell you all again," she said querulously, in her Rhenish German, "you made a great mistake when you did not go away on the boat — what was it called? — 'the relief boat.' I cannot see why they wanted to come up here so far from St. Louis — there is not money in it. But since they have come, we should have gone. We shall not get another chance."

"But, Lena," interrupted her husband, "what would you have? The boat would not take our stock, and can we leave the chickens and the pigs and the cows and the mules? If we leave them, it is not likely that we shall see them when we come back — nor the furniture, nor the house."

"*Ja! Ja!*" sobbed the poor woman, "you are right, Jakob. But if we stay? Think well, and also look at the river! The house will go, and we, too, with it, under that horrible, muddy water, ugh! — the little Gustel and you, and the little one that the good God — *ach! ach!* there is nothing for us but now to die!"

"But, Frau Kremer," broke in one of the neighbors, "what would you have us do? Here is all that we have. If we go, we make ourselves to be altogether without property. And what is it to live without property?"

"*Ja wohl,*" chimed in the other men, "we cannot lose our property."

"*Nein, nein,* we must stay here as long as we can," added Jakob. "Perhaps the river will soon begin to fall. They tell me it has never been so high since '44. Moreover, if we leave the place we truly throw away what we have; for what the water will not spoil, the river thieves will carry off. *Nein, nein,* here we must stay."

"But, Jakob, am not I, and the little Gustel also, of more worth than these pigs and mules and the other property also?"

Jakob looked sheepish. The other men nudged each other and uttered guttural

phrases of astonishment. What ideas were these in Frau Kremer's head ! No one in that community had ever thought of comparing the value of a wife with that of the live stock ! They were not in the same category at all ! A wife costs nothing, and is easily replaced ; but live stock is hard to get and costly to keep. Still Lena's remarks made them feel strangely uncomfortable ; and, what was worse, the women present seemed to approve of this new idea ; though, new ideas being so rare on the island, they had not the slightest notion what to do with this one. It was really embarrassing. All that Jakob could say was, "What nonsense you talk, Lena!"—this in masculine scorn. The rest of the men maintained a stolid silence until neighbor Franz Loeffel, whose heavy features showed a shade more of intelligence than those of his companions, finally delivered the following with an air of profound wisdom :

"*Naturlich*, Frau Kremer, you are worth more than the stock, and Jakob knows it also, for you are created in the good God's own image, and they are but the beasts of the field." Franz Loeffel was a great church member and was fond of quoting scraps of prayers and sermons. "But you know that, as the parson said, when you married your '*mann*,' Jakob and you are *one*. Is it not so? Now, Jakob stays here to care for the stock, so you must stay here to care for Jakob. That is verily the law and the Gospel also."

After this triumph of masculine logic, the men, without waiting for an answer, splashed out through the yard to watch Jakob tend to the stock ; for it was now growing dusk, the black clouds massing still more heavily and hanging still lower above the shuddering woods.

The women, however, had no reply to make. They did not even discuss amongst themselves these words of wisdom. So accustomed were they to be treated like "the beasts of the field" that they never thought of rebelling, and, though Lena's daring remark had roused a slight stir in their sluggish minds, they soon relapsed

into their usual torpidity after Loeffel's authoritative phrases ; for verily, the "law and the Gospel" had been to them that men must work and women must work double, and, moreover, say nothing about it.

As Lena rose to say good-by to the women, now about to depart, she suddenly clasped her hand to her side and uttered a sharp cry. "Ach! there it is ! I knew it ! Ach! ach! we should have gone in the boat ! What shall I do!"

Her companions clustered about her with tender looks, which showed the sympathy women always feel on such occasions, and offered their assistance.

"I shall stay with you to-night," said Rieke Nussbaum, Lena's sister, a sturdy, pleasant-faced young girl, with blunt features and pale, flaxen hair.

"And I shall send my Franzerl for Mother Suzel," said Frau Loeffel.

"*Nein, nein!*" broke in the suffering woman, "you must not send him. It is too dangerous to cross that river in a 'dinky,' and I know Mother Suzel will not come in this weather. I must do without a '*hebamme*' this time."

"That is so ; you are right," said Frau Loeffel reflectively. "Mother Suzel is too old to cross the river such a night as this will be. Now, listen to me ; I shall stay with you myself. I know as much as Mother Suzel. *Nein, nein*, be silent, I take charge. Rieke, she will help also, if she will obey all that I say." Then, going to the gate, she called up the road after the hulking form of her husband, who had already, with the other men, gallantly started homeward : "Hei! hei! Franz, *mein mann*! Tell Dinchen to care for the children. I stay with Lena to-night."

"What for, *mein frau*? I need you at home."

Frau Loeffel's untranslatable reply satisfied her "*mann*," who, with a laugh, trudged homeward. There are a few occasions when the wisest and most lordly of husbands surrender unconditionally to the women. Frau Loeffel, ordinarily a heavy, stupid woman, rose to the emer-

gency, sent home the other women except Rieke, ordered Jakob to take care of the little Gustel down stairs, put the suffering woman to bed in the upstairs room, or rather garret, and got all the necessary things ready for the night's work.

And a terrible night's work it was, out doors and in. Vast sheets of rain slapped the thin sides of the house. The wind rattled the window-sashes and shook the timbers, whistling through the crevices and moaning in mockery of the agonizing woman within, while the hungry, white-crested waves, gleaming livid in the almost incessant flashes of the lightning, dashed nearer and nearer. The animals in the barn, feeling the imminence of their danger, were clamorous in their terror, but the roar of the storm drowned every sound but its own.

Down in the first floor room, which was parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry combined, Jakob held the little Gustel in his arms all night. The child slept but little. Not being put to bed in the accustomed place, she was wakeful; and she started at every vivid flash of lightning or deafening crash of thunder. From time to time the father would go to the window and try to see the condition of the barn where he had fastened his live stock,—almost all his property, for his land was so heavily mortgaged that he could scarcely call it his own,—but, in the momentary flashes, through the dashing rain and spray, he could not distinguish where the mud ended and the water began. So he finally abandoned the attempt and, seating himself in the big rocking-chair, fell sound asleep, totally unconscious of the restless child in his arms, the moaning woman above him, and the whirling tempest and raging flood outside. When one works unremittingly at hard physical labor for nearly sixteen hours every day, there must come periods of unconsciousness or the toiler will perish. At length the rain ceased, but the wind continued blowing harder than ever, and swept the clouds clean from the face of the sky, letting the calm stars look down upon the

turmoil and wreck of the river bottoms. The water was still rising. A gray light appeared on the eastern horizon,—then a warmer glow. Then across the broad expanse of whirling waters and through the branches of the shivering trees shot a level ray from the rising sun. The clear sky soon became as blue as steel—a hard, dazzling, pitiless blue. The tramping of the mules and the clamor of the cows and pigs grew more and more impatient every moment. There were hurried footsteps upstairs and a strange, half-choked, but insistent cry—the plaint of a new-born soul, rising from nothingness into being. But the overworked man did not awake. The sunshine streamed in through the wide space under the door, followed by a narrow, glistening thing that slid along a crack in the flooring, growing longer and wider every moment.

Gustel awoke and rubbed her eyes, surprised to find herself anywhere else but in her trundle bed. As she glanced at the floor the glistening thing caught her attention. With a cry of infantile delight she clambered down from her father's lap, toddled up to it, knelt down by it and touched it. "Water! water!" she laughed in childish glee. "Papa! papa! let Gustel play in the water! *Ach, papa, papa!*"

The sharp voice of the child roused Jakob at last. As he opened his eyes he saw the water, which was now coming in quite rapidly. With a shout he flung the door open and dashed out to the barn. The house was entirely surrounded by the flood, which in some places, was over the fences.

Deserted by its father, the child turned to climb the steep stairs in search of its mother. At the top of the flight she was met by Rieke, who took her in her arms. "Hush, Gustel!" she whispered, "you must be very quiet. The mother is sick. And, Gustel, just think of it! the storks have brought you a little sister."

"A sister? What is that?"

"A little girl, just like you."

"A little girl—just like me? And will she play in the water with me?"

II.

That day the sky remained clear, but the river continued rising rapidly. The wind blew a steady gale, lashing the water into writhing foam, wrenching great branches from the forest, overthrowing huge trees that grew along the flooded and undermined banks, and sending them whirling down the turbid yellow stream. Early in the morning Franz Loeffel came over, wading knee deep, to get his wife, who, he insisted, should accompany him home; for the water was fast approaching his house and she was needed to look after the children and to do a hundred other things besides. Frau Loeffel, however, was loath to go. She departed only when she had provided as well as she could for the new-born babe and the pallid mother, and had given Rieke the most explicit directions for all possible emergencies.

As Rieke watched the two bulky figures struggle off through the mud and water she felt her heart sink within her. For a long time she stood at the window, gazing at the place where they had disappeared behind the trees, not daring to turn back into the room and shoulder the responsibility she must now assume. Jakob had not yet come up from the barn, and Lena had dropped into a heavy slumber with the babe at her breast. At last Rieke was startled by a sudden pull at her skirt. It was the little girl, who had been altogether forgotten.

"Gustel is so hungry, Aunt Rieke, so hungry!" and the little thing began at last to whimper.

"Hush! be quiet, Gustel, hush! Aunt Rieke will get you some breakfast if you will be good, and stay still just where you are, and be careful not to wake the mother and the little sister."

"Gustel is so afraid up here! Let Gustel go with you and play with the water."

"No, you must not play with the water. But you may go with me, if you will mind well what I say."

The child assented and Rieke carried her to the head of the steps. Looking

down, she saw that the water was several inches deep all over the ground floor. But she was equal to the emergency. Pinning up her dress and taking off her shoes, she descended, and, seating the child upon the table near the window, she waded about and as well as she could prepared the simple meal.

When the meal was ready, she called Jakob, who came splashing up from the barn with a pail of milk. It was now noon, and all the morning the man had been struggling with the slippery, squealing pigs, and had, finally, by almost superhuman exertions, succeeded in rigging a tackle, and had hoisted the clumsy animals up into the hayloft, for they would certainly have been drowned had they been left in the sty.

When his sister-in-law informed Jakob of the birth of his second daughter, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Lena should have given me a boy."

As he rose from the table, he asked, "How is the mother?"

"She is sleeping."

"Tell her to get well quickly. We shall need her if this water still rises. Now I must go to tend the stock."

As he passed out of the door he turned and said, "You had better cook plenty of food, Rieke,—enough for two or three days. The water may soon put out the fire in the stove. I wish now that I had let the mother and Gustel go on the boat. That baby will make much trouble if the river rises any higher." And then he splashed out to the barn again.

Jakob was neither hard-hearted nor careless, but his mind could only hold one thought at a time, and when he was considering the welfare of his live-stock, he had no time to think about his wife and offspring; and, besides, was not Rieke there to look after them?

Gustel cried vociferously when she was carried upstairs. She wanted to stay where she could paddle in the water with the stick that her aunt had given her. When Rieke entered the upstairs room she found her sister sitting up in bed and hushing the infant, who had been awak-

ened by Gustel's screams. "What mean you, Lena?" she cried excitedly. "You must lie down again this instant. Frau Loeffel said that you must not sit up till day after to-morrow. That is the very earliest."

"*Nein, nein*, I must get up and dress now. I know the water is all over the floor down stairs. I heard Gustel splashing in it. What could we do if the house should be carried off. *Ach! ach!* why went we not on the boat?"

Rieke felt a sudden chill pass over her. She had been so busy all day that she had not had time to think of her own fatigue and loss of rest, much less of the threatening danger. Now, all at once an overwhelming sense of weakness and fear got the better of her. She dropped Gustel and sank into a chair, while everything seemed to whirl about her. Both children were now crying wildly, but she felt utterly helpless.

Lena then tried to rise, but she was still too weak, and so sank back on the pillows, moaning. The children continued screaming. "Come here, Gustel, and see your little sister," said the mother at last. "Just look how pretty she is!"

Gustel stopped crying instantly, and climbed upon the bed, laughing with childish abandon when she saw the red and wrinkled little thing and was allowed to touch it with the tips of her chubby fingers. The babe also became quiet on being again placed at the breast, which it clutched eagerly; while Lena gazed at her offspring with the maternal love and pride which made her for a time oblivious of impending danger.

"Now, Rieke," she said after a while, "get me something to eat and then you lie down and rest. I know well that Gustel will be very good, and will not worry the little sister."

Rieke did as she was bid, and then through the long afternoon slept heavily, while her sister kept watch over the babe and little Gustel. The sun poured its rays in through the uncurtained window; the wind shook the timbers of the house, and the water rose higher and higher below.

In the evening, Jakob came in with another pail of milk and some eggs. He tended to Gustel and his wife while Rieke was cooking. After supper, without undressing, he lay down beside his wife and was soon snoring heavily. But it was far into the night before the anxious women closed their eyes.

III.

The next morning they had to eat a cold breakfast, for Jakob's prediction had come true; the water was so high that it was impossible to light a fire in the stove. The sky had clouded over again, and the wind came in fierce gusts, shaking the frail house from roof to foundation, while every now and then torrents of rain would dash viciously against the windows as if seeking to force an entrance. It was very cold and damp. Lena was obliged to wrap up the infant most carefully. She also tried to keep Gustel under the coverlid much of the time, to the child's great disgust, for the little thing was wild to go down stairs and paddle in the water.

As it was, Gustel was continually escaping from her mother's control, hanging about the head of the steps, and gazing down upon the fascinating fluid below — only to be dragged back screaming by the relentless Rieke when she attempted to descend to the enchanted region. It was a miserable day for Gustel.

None of their neighbors came near them, for the water had now flooded a large part of the island, and all the farms were threatened. Every one had all he could do to care for his own property.

Toward evening Lena insisted on getting up and dressing, and, though she had to lie down again almost immediately, she would not take off her clothes. If they were going to be drowned, she said, she wanted to drown in a decent dress and not in a shabby night-gown. Fortunately for her the baby was now very quiet, and, when not nursing or sleeping, lay motionless on her arm, looking about with a calm, viewless gaze, utterly indifferent to the encompassing turmoil and terror.

During the following night there was another fearful thunder-storm. The lightning was so dazzling and the thunder-claps were so deafening that no one could sleep except the children. If the thunder ceased for a space, then the monotonous slapping of the heavy waves against the house kept the watchers in a state of extreme nervous tension. The timbers of the dwelling were in a constant tremor, and every moment they fully expected it to give a lurch and topple over into the seething flood. The hours seemed interminable before the dawn.

Then, as the dim, gray light filtered in through the driving rain, growing gradually stronger and stronger, the wind slowly lulled and the rain ceased.

Jakob and Rieke at last slept the heavy sleep of total exhaustion; but Lena, still wakeful, dragged herself to the window and looked out. As far as she could see was a waste of muddy water, dotted here and there by clumps of trees struggling desperately with the current. The barn, which was a little lower than the house, rose like an island among the waves. Still it seemed firm, although several uprooted trees were jammed against it on the side of the stream. After listening for some time to the pitiful noises made by the worrying animals in the barn, she turned away with a hopeless sigh and crawled back to her bed. She was now certain that they would all be drowned and that, too, very soon. And yet she was strangely calm, only feeling sorry for the baby. Poor little, quiet thing! to be brought into the world just to be swept out of it! Lena's mother heart went out to the helpless mite as she gathered it to her breast and wept over it. Then at last she, too, fell asleep.

As the daylight grew stronger, little Gustel awoke, rubbed her eyes and sat up. Everything was so still that she threw off the covers and, standing up in her trundle bed, looked about her wonderingly. Then, climbing down to the floor, she toddled over to Rieke and touched her. Rieke did not move, so

heavy was her sleep, even when the child laid her head down by hers on the pillow and kissed her, calling, "Wake up! wake up! Gustel wants you!"

Finding no response from her aunt, Gustel crept over to her father, repeated the same tactics, and even tangled her stubby fingers in his coarse beard. But Jakob only half opened his eyes and, seeing who it was, turned over with a grunted, "Go away, Gustel, I need to sleep!"

For a moment or two the child whimpered. Then, seeing her mother and baby sister on the other side of the bed, a bright smile overspread her face as she cried, "Mamma! mamma! wake up! Gustel wants you!" and started to go to her.

On her way around the foot of the bed, she came near the opening at the head of the steps and, with childish in consequence, stopped and looked down. There was that delightful water, so near, just waiting for her to dabble her hands and feet in it! It was irresistible. All the scoldings and punishments of the previous day faded from her mind at the sight of the smooth, yellow, inviting surface. Yes, she must go down to it and touch it just once! As she turned about to creep down the steps, she looked furtively over at Rieke, as if expecting to see her rise, run over, and roughly haul her back as she had done so often. But Rieke did not move, and so the little one, with a sly, self-satisfied smile on her chubby face, and a mischievous look of triumph in her big, blue eyes, carefully—oh, so carefully!—went down backward, step by step, until at last her little bare toes came in contact with the chilly water. With a cry of mingled delight and terror she drew back. Then, turning around, she cautiously lowered her rosy foot till the plump heel just touched the surface. What fun it was! first one foot and then the other, till, accustomed to the chill, she sat down upon the step, with the water up to her knees, paddling it in to her heart's content, not in the least disturbed by the fact that her scanty gown was wringing wet—her hardy little frame at first

rather enjoying the cold than otherwise. Then she dipped her hands in the water, trying to pick it up, and laughing giddily as it ran away between her dimpled fingers and into her lap. Next, she became deeply interested in the "goose-flesh" on her bare arms and legs, finding great delight in rubbing the tiny protuberances and watching the changes from red to white under the varying pressure, until at last a bluish tone began to overspread her body, for the constant contact with the chilly water was overcoming even Gustel's exuberant vitality. She shivered, and cried a little, too; but, child-like, she continued her play, laughing and whimpering in turns as the delight of the splashing drops or the chill of the water prevailed.

Finally, just as Gustel was thinking how nice and warm it would be to lie down by mamma and the baby, and was turning about to climb the steps, she saw, floating not far from her, the kitchen broom. With a gleeful chuckle she reached out for it, lost her balance, and fell forward into the water before she could cry out.

Up stairs nobody stirred—all was still.

IV.

The sun rose, and darted his level rays underneath the lowering clouds and across the flooded bottom lands. They poured in at the uncurtained window and struck Jakob full in the face. Blinking and rubbing his eyes, he sat up and looked about him in sleepy stupidity. Then, suddenly remembering his precious live stock, he sprang to his feet, wriggled into his boots and hurried down the steps. At the bottom he stumbled over something, and would have fallen at full length into the water had he not saved himself by seizing hold of the table which was floating near by, for the water was nearly up to his armpits and every wooden thing was afloat.

Without stopping to investigate what had tripped him, he opened the door and dashed out. At the first step he slipped, falling into the water, which was over his

head, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to struggle back to the house. He stood for a few moments clinging to the door-post, dripping and shivering, and then looked toward the barn.

It was no longer there. Not a trace of it was to be seen, and the yellow flood swept swiftly over the spot that had once held Jakob's property. A large sycamore, whose roots and branches glittered in the sunlight, hung over the place, caught by the wire fence, and on its branches perched a group of crows with shining black plumage, while above them hovered several others whose rasping caws seemed like a chant of triumph over the destruction already accomplished and a prophecy of complete desolation in the future.

But Jakob paid no heed to them. He felt as though someone had struck him a heavy blow on the head. He could not think. Thinking had always been hard work for him, and why should he think now! There was nothing to think about. Almost mechanically he turned his eyes down stream. But the barn was nowhere to be seen. It had evidently been shattered to pieces among the trees, and the scattered fragments were floating miles below. For some time the man stood there, wearily looking out over the waters with a mindless gaze; then he turned to go up stairs.

As he came to the foot of the steps he stumbled over the same thing which had tripped him before. This time he stooped and felt for it. As he lifted little Gustel's lifeless body from the water he uttered a cry of horror, and hurried up the steps, carrying the corpse in his arms.

An hour afterward the sky was again darkened with heavy clouds, and the rising wind dashed the white-capped waves still more viciously against the trembling house, but up in the garret no one spoke. Jakob sat motionless in one corner, his head between his knees. With true Teutonic stolidity he had held up till the last crushing blows, but now had given way

in utter hopelessness. Lena was sitting up on the bed, rocking the body of the little Gustel in her arms. The only sound within the room was the measured footfall of Rieke, as she walked up and down with the baby. All at once the house quivered from top to bottom and lurched over toward one end, nearly throwing Rieke off her feet. She staggered to the window and looked out. The house had sunk at one end, the earth having been washed from under it, and the water was nearly up to the window-sill. With a scream of terror she staggered back and clung frantically to the bed-post. Neither Jakob nor Lena moved.

"Jakob! Jakob!" she called.

"Well, what is it?" he asked at length, without looking up.

"The house is turning over, and we shall all be drowned!"

"Well, that is right. There is nothing else for us. My stock is gone, Gustel is gone, and we must go also." And he relapsed into his former stolid silence.

Then Rieke tried to rouse her sister, but she, too, weak and exhausted, seemed to care little now for the threatening destruction. It was only after the baby awoke and cried that she laid aside the dead child and took the living infant mechanically to her breast. Rieke felt utterly abandoned in her terror, shut in by the raging waters outside, and shut out by the stolid despair within. She sank upon the floor and buried her face in her hands.

Suddenly a dull, droning sound was heard in the distance, coming over the waters. Again and again it was repeated, seemingly nearer and nearer. For a time no one stirred in the garret, but at last Rieke sprang to her feet, ran to the window, opened it and thrust her head out as far as she could. "It's a steamboat!" she cried. "I see the smoke above the trees! Jakob! Lena! come here! look! look! look!"

V.

Not long after, a skiff sent from the steamer in response to Rieke's frantic

signals, rowed up by the window and fastened to the house. It was with difficulty that the oarsmen held it in place, so strong was the combined force of the wind and the waves. In it, besides the crew, were two men in high rubber boots. "Good morning!" said one of them to Rieke. "You are ready to go with us now?"

"*Mein Gott!* but I have been *praying* for you to come."

"How many are there of you?"

"Lena and the baby, and Jakob and the little Gustel — but she is dead."

"Well, tell them to make haste. This house will not stand much longer."

"Somebody must help Lena. She has a little baby not three days old yet."

"Good Lord!"

Neither Jakob nor Lena had moved during this colloquy, and not even when Rieke urged them to make haste did they stir. Lena only said, "The little Gustel is dead."

"But," cried Rieke, "the baby is alive! And you will not let *her* perish, will you?"

This appeal roused the mother-soul, and, with the assistance of her sister and the young man who had clambered into the room, Lena and the infant were soon safe in the boat, though only after a very difficult and, in fact, dangerous piece of work.

"But you will not leave the little Gustel?" the mother cried frantically. The dead child was handed out and placed by her side. Rieke followed.

"Now, my good man," said the chief rescuer to Jakob, who had remained almost motionless, scarcely even looking up at the new comers. "Come along! We have little time to lose. *Geschwind!*"

"Why should I go?" replied Jakob at last. "I have nothing left but this house and when it is gone I must go also."

"You idiot!"

"What shall we do! Our property is gone."

"There are people in the city who will take care of you and your family, and will give you what you need. Come along. We have all your neighbors on board."

"*Nein*," said Jakob stolidly, "I stay here."

"You will *not*," broke in the young man impatiently. "If you do not come with us of your own free will, I shall call in some of those men, and we'll tie you hand and foot and carry you out like a log. Now come! *Geschwind!*"

Jakob looked for a moment at the flushed and determined face of the young man, and then slowly rose to his feet.

While they were being rowed to the steamer Jakob asked,—

"Who are you?"

"We are newspaper men, and our boat has been sent out by our paper to rescue you. We should have been here sooner, only we were wind-bound by the storm."

"Who pays you to do this?"

"Nobody."

"Why do you do it then?"

"For the fun of the thing."

Jakob subsided. This was incomprehensible to him.

Hardly were they on the deck of the steamer when one of the deck hands shouted,—

"There goes the house!"

Everybody except Jakob and Lena hurried to the guards. The dwelling so lately abandoned, now entirely undermined by the flood, was tilted over on one side. In a few moments the writhing current swept it off toward a clump of trees, where it stuck fast to a gigantic cottonwood. At first the tree quivered under the shock, but for a while stood firm. Then, slowly bending forward, it crushed downward through the cracking and splintering timbers. In a few minutes both house and tree had disappeared in the yellow tide.

JOYOUS SOUNDS.

Someone has said that the three most joyous sounds in nature are the hum of a bee, the purr of a cat and the laugh of a child.—*Newspaper*.

WHEN the days are long and dreamy, and the sky is all a-swim
With an opalescent luster, growing purple at the rim;

When the bearded rye and barley float the ensign of the sun,

And the lissome corn is waving where soft-footed zephyrs run ;
When the drowsy air is heavy with the clover-blossoms' scent,—

When in beech and maple shadow the prone cattle find content,—

When the birds are all too busy or too lazy for a glee,

Then I love to hear the music of the droning of the bee ;
And it *seems* that in all nature there is no more joyous sound
Than the humming of the busy wings that dart and glint around.

When the biting blast is blowing, and the frost is on the pane,
And the ghostly drifts are stealing stark and silent up the lane ;

When the long ice-lances fringe the eaves and gutters all about,

And the night is dropping swiftly o'er the whitening world without ;
When the flames are leaping up the sooty-throated chimney way,
Gloating in their fierce defiance of the chill they keep at bay,—

In their genial glow a-basking—ah, when it comes to that,

I love to sit and listen to the purring of the cat ;
And it *seems* that in all nature no more pleasant sound is heard
Than the husky, whispered music so imitatively purred.

But whether on the meadow lies the sunshine or the snow,
And whether wooing zephyrs or arctic blizzards blow ;

Winter, summer, spring or autumn—whatsoe'er the season be—

In the cozy chimney corner—or the azure over me—
Whether joy or sable sorrow be housekeeping in my heart—

Or whether care or comfort have brought their wares to mart—

Whether hateful Fate has crossed me, or Fortune newly smiled,

I love to hear the laughter of a happy little child ;
And I'm *sure* in earth or heaven no sweeter sounds are known
Than these matins of life's morning, ere the pure, fresh dews are flown.

Chauncey C. Jencks.

THE NEBRASKA AND KANSAS BILL OF '54.

BY CLYDE B. AITCHISON.

IT WAS a remarkable coincidence that fixed Memorial Day on the anniversary of the approval of the Nebraska and Kansas Bill ; and yet, whether this was accidental or intentional, there is a certain propriety in associating the most hallowed memories of our Civil War with a day made notable by its relation to one of the important steps leading down to that war.

At the inauguration of Franklin Pierce as president there seemed little probability of any serious conflict. A successful war of acquisition had just terminated, and, as far as the newly gained territory was concerned, the compromise measures of 1850 had satisfactorily adjusted the troublesome slavery question. Both Whigs and Democrats received these measures as a final settlement of the discussion. An armistice had been declared, and both factions hoped the truce might lengthen into peace.

And so it was that the presidential campaign of 1852 was without issues. Though spirited, the rivalry extended only to personalities and questions of local importance. The great parties were in harmony on the vital question of the day, and regarded the compromises of 1850 as a permanent settlement of the slavery discussion. The victory of the Democrats was foreseen at an early stage of the campaign. The compromises of 1850 had more firmly united them, but had demoralized the Whigs. Clay and Webster, the most prominent Whigs of the time, both died during the canvass, and their death disheartened the party. But though the country was prepared for the victory of the Democrats, it was astounded at the overwhelming defeat of General Scott, the Whig candidate, and the triumphant election of Mr. Pierce. The victory was so complete that the Democratic party might

have well claimed to be in power by a popular vote of confidence.

Mr. Pierce in his inaugural address gave promise of fulfilling the pledges made by his party in its national platform. In strong language he deprecated any sectional, ambitious or fanatical attempt to disturb the quiet rest of the slavery question. A short period of universal good-feeling followed his inauguration. The President was popular and magnetic, and uniformly democratic in courtesy and kindness. Around him he gathered a cabinet of exceptional ability, and so selected that all the sections were gratified. The two political parties had no cause for dissension, and any discontent of the vanquished Whigs was unnoticed by the exultant victors.

The first dispute to mar this era of good feeling arose over the distribution of the federal patronage. The supply of offices at the disposition of the President was limited, and it seemed the applicants were not. The real quarrel of the administration arose, however, not from the distribution of patronage, but from the slavery question ; and the pro-slavery faction, which had so ostentatiously insisted that the subject had been settled for all time, took the initiative in reopening the discussion.

The first session of the Thirty-third Congress opened Monday, December 5, 1853. Tuesday President Pierce submitted his annual message. In stronger words than ever he promised to prevent any shock to the country through a renewal of the slavery controversy. But on the opening day of the session Senator Augustus C. Dodge, of Iowa, gave notice of the introduction of a bill for the organization of the Territory of Nebraska, and this bill was fated to soon change the position of the President and his party.

As early as 1844 attempts had been made, under the direction of Senator

Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, to secure the organization of a trans-Missouri territory. The name proposed was "Nebraska," and the territory was to comprise all the Louisiana purchase north of the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and extending from the Missouri River to the Rockies. The petitions presented were entirely ignored. The friends of the project were persistent and brought the matter up at each succeeding congress, and were cheered by finding it gradually receiving more encouragement, until in the Thirty-second Congress the petitions were even respectfully entertained by the committee on territories.

At the second session a Missouri member introduced a bill in the house to organize this country into the "Territory of The Platte," the name subsequently being changed to "Nebraska." The bill was silent as to slavery. Presumably the new territory, if created, would follow the Missouri compromise, and, being north of the line of $36^{\circ} 30'$, would finally be admitted as a free state. The bill met the bitterest opposition of the southern members; but, notwithstanding their charge of insufficient population, and of breach of faith with the Indian tribes, it was passed by a vote of more than two to one. In the senate its enemies were fully prepared to secure its defeat. The bill was referred to the committee on territories, and, though Senator Douglas, chairman of the committee, is said to have supported the bill, its friends were unable to secure a report. In the closing hours of the session they made frantic but unavailing efforts to call the bill up for action. On the last day they were too successful, for the measure was taken up and sarcastically tabled to prevent the few remaining hours of the dying session being wasted by further filibustering. The next day Mr. Pierce was inaugurated and emphatically protested against any attempt to renew the dangerous slavery discussion.

This was practically the bill re-introduced in the senate by Senator Dodge on the 14th of December, 1853. No ref-

erence was made in any way to the slavery problem. That question was now first to be dragged into discussion in the Nebraska country. For this the slavery party was held responsible. Though favored by war and by legislation, the South had met continual disappointment. California, for which the Mexican War had been in part waged, had been admitted as a free state. The South could no longer control the senate without making distasteful Northern alliances, and the anti-slavery North still had the vast trans-Missouri country to organize into territories and states, whose geography would render slavery in them physically impossible. The senate might be almost regained by the division of Texas into four states; but Texas prided herself on the immensity of her extent, and refused consent to self-dismemberment. Though the war of 1812, the compromise of 1820, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico and the compromises of 1850 had been advocated by the South and opposed by the North, their results had not been as advantageous to the South as had been expected. The time had now come when the slaveocracy must either look for further territory or be crowded from the continent.

After the Nebraska bill had been twice read it was referred to the committee on territories, with Mr. Douglas as chairman. It was reported back on the following day. Certain amendments reported by the committee seemed to indicate the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and doubt was expressed as to their meaning. On the 4th of January, 1854, the doubt was dispelled and the ambiguity removed by a special report of the committee, which boldly claimed that the Missouri compromise of 1820 had been superseded by the compromises of 1850. The right of congress to interfere with the slavery question was denied; the compromises of 1850 were said to rest upon "the great principles of self-government, that the people should be allowed to decide the questions of their domestic institutions for themselves."

An unparalleled sensation followed. An amendment annulling the constitution could hardly have caused greater surprise. By none had it been supposed that the compromises of 1850 had been intended as a repeal of the Missouri compromise. For a generation the compromise of Clay, of Monroe, of Wirt and of Adams had remained inviolate. Time had invested it with a sanctity which made such desecration seem sacrilegious to the North. Though the first feeling was one of surprise, the North soon per-

Indeed, it is difficult to account for the strange proffer. Some alleged at the time that a conspiracy had been formed as early as the Thirty-second Congress to enable the pro-slavery faction to gain control of the southern portion of the Louisiana purchase. This theory supposes that the bill before that congress, which tacitly recognized the Missouri compromise as operative, was defeated to make way for a measure more favorable to slavery. As the Thirty-third Congress was then elected, and was well



THE NORTHWEST IN 1854.

ceived that a crisis was at hand. It saw in the amendment more than the possible acquisition of additional slave territory by the South. If such a compact, time-honored, and revered on account of the memories of statesmen of other days which clustered around it, could be so lightly brushed aside, what assurance was there that the lives and liberties of the people were safe from the caprice of the momentary majority?

The South was also surprised. The proposition was unexpectedly and gratuitously offered, but quickly accepted.

known to be of pro-slavery sympathies, this seems plausible. The political aspirations of Judge Douglas have long been regarded as partly responsible for the sudden change in the bill, and his voluntary concession to the South was thought a shrewd attempt to assure the good-will of the then dominant slave power. Probably both hypotheses are, in part, correct. Each, if such be the case, lamentably failed in accomplishment. The Nebraska country was eventually wrested from slavery, and Douglas' laudable ambition for the presidency was never gratified.

The debate on the bill in the senate, particularly after the proposed territory had, by an amendment, been divided into Kansas and Nebraska, and the southern boundary placed at the thirty-seventh parallel, separated the members into three classes. The most radical of these groups was represented by Senator Archibald Dixon, of Kentucky. Dixon was a Whig, ex-governor of his state, and the successor of Henry Clay in the senate. He was typical of a growing class in the South—a class which openly and aggressively advocated the extension of slavery. Clay had been prominently connected with the compromise of 1820, and within two years from his death his successor struck the first blow by moving its repeal in an amendment to the Nebraska bill.

Less radical, and ostensibly neutral as to slavery, was the division headed by Judge Douglas. With the Dixon amendment, declaring the Nebraska bill to be a repeal of the Missouri compromise, they could not agree. They did not demand the repeal of the Missouri compromise; they insisted that, technically considered, it was already rescinded. This class endeavored to cement friendship with the amicable South, while conciliating the North by successfully effecting another compromise with the insatiable slavery greed. In the later days of the debate, when fealty to the bill became a test of loyalty to the administration, the Douglas and Dixon forces joined, and fought unitedly for the passage of the bill.

Opposed were such men as Seward and Sumner, Chase and Fessenden, who, either from love of freedom, or in deference to sacred pledges made their constituencies, desperately fought the bill at every stage. As the progress of the debate had united the extremists and the technical class, it early forced many of doubtful convictions into the radical anti-slavery or abolitionist ranks.

For four months the debate on the bill absorbed the attention not only of congress but also of the nation. No such debate had ever so stirred the country.

When the bill passed the senate by a vote of 37 to 14, popular excitement was intense. State legislatures and town meetings, conventions and individuals, thousands of clergymen, "in the name of Almighty God and in His presence," and thousands of humble laymen united in imploring congress not to repeal the Missouri compromise. The memorials had some weight; and, as unpopular amendments seemed to seal the fate of the bill in the house, the excitement died down, and the public mind again became comparatively tranquil.

On the 8th of May Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, chairman of the committee on territories in the house, virtually offered the senate bill as an amendment and substitute to a house bill for the organization of the territory of Nebraska, which had been pending for several months. A fortnight of stormy debate followed. The old-time slavery agitation in all its strength and rancor was renewed. The bill, more than ever before, became the engrossing theme of public discussion. The debates in the house were long and marked by great acrimony of feeling. One continuous session of thirty-six hours was held. As the debate progressed the suspense became painful, and the two weeks of discussion were full of uneasiness, and the intense anxiety affected even the commercial world. On the 22d the Richardson bill was placed on its final passage in the house. Every known means to prevent a vote was tried. Twenty-nine roll-calls were demanded in a twelve-hour session. Just before midnight the yeas and nays were ordered for the last time, and the bill passed by a vote of 113 to 100.

On the 25th the senate took up the house substitute. The opponents of the bill saw the futility of further hope for its defeat, and could do no more than solemnly warn the majority of the effects of the bill it was about to pass. The scene was impressive as Sumner closed the debate at the end of the long, uninterrupted session. The sitting was prolonged to more than thirteen hours, until the bill

was passed, just after one o'clock on the 26th of May, though still the legislative day of the 25th. The roll was not called, but the senate stood substantially as upon the passage of the original bill.

Never, since the formation of the Union, had any discussion of slavery borne comparison with that which swept like wildfire over the North as the debates progressed. The frenzy of indignation in the New England and Middle states can scarcely be conceived. From press and pulpit, from political conventions and legislative assemblies, from myriad other sources came denunciations of the repeal of the Missouri compromise. The names of the northern congressmen who voted contrary to their trust were printed in a roll of infamy, surrounded by black mourning borders.

"Sir Philip Sidney," said Mr. Sumner, "speaking to Queen Elizabeth of the spirit which animated every man, woman and child in the Netherlands against the Spanish power, exclaimed: 'It is the spirit of the Lord and it is invincible.' A similar spirit is now animating the free states against the slave power, breathing everywhere its precious inspiration, and forbidding repose under the attempted usurpation. The threat of disunion, so often sounded in our ears, will be disregarded by an aroused and indignant people. Ah, sir, senators vainly expect peace. Not in this way can peace come. In passing this bill, you scatter broadcast through the land dragons' teeth, and, though they may not, as in ancient fable, spring up armed men, yet will they fructify in civil strife and feud."

If Douglas had hoped to gain prestige to aid in his aspirations for the presidency, he was greatly disappointed. With the South he gained but little, for there he had always been popular. In the North he lost every vestige of political follow-

ing. His home state rebuked him by sending him an abolitionist and anti-repeal colleague. He could have traveled, he said later, from Boston to Chicago by the light of his own burning effigies.

Of the forty northern congressmen who had voted for the repeal of the Missouri compromise but seven were returned to the succeeding congress. Two years later, but two held their seats. In the Thirty-third Congress, the Democrats counted a majority of eighty-four; in the Thirty-fourth Congress they were seventy-five in the minority. In the northern states, exclusive of Massachusetts, the Democratic party showed a loss of 350,000 votes. The Whigs, inharmonious when the contest began, were disintegrated at its close. Distrust was the controlling spirit of the time. Remnants of the Whigs of the South and the Democracy of the North, who were yet unwilling to take a pronounced stand on the slavery question, united in a secret political organization. It had, for a short time, a mushroom success, but soon disappeared as a factor in politics. The issue became clearly defined, and lines were strictly drawn on the freedom or bondage of the negro.

Thus, a contest was unexpectedly resumed over a question "forever at rest." Once more seemingly settled, it led to the conflict at arms which obliterated the source of the contention. Though the discussion was unnecessarily revived, its effect was tremendous. The bill itself was innocuous and, in its most distasteful portions, exactly similar to others adopted in later years without discussion. Then Douglas rightly claimed the vindication of his motives, and, amid the scenes of the opening of the bloody conflict he had hastened on, his patriotism and loyal example won the Nation's respect and love.



A DAY IN HOLLAND.

HISTORIC LIMBOURG—THE UNDERGROUND LABYRINTHS OF PETERSBOURG—
OLD FAUQUEMONT.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XIV.

WE WENT over the line into Holland. For months we had been anticipating a midsummer visit to old Fauquemont, or Valkenberg, with its famous grotto or sandstone quarries. The visiting party consisted of four Belgians, three Germans and two Americans. Our host and hostess were Hollanders. Our attempts to get together in conversation were amusing. It was a novel experience to us to find our only means of communication with the Belgian and the Dutch members of the party was the German language, of which we and the Belgian contingent possessed only a smattering.

If our readers could have heard the confusion of tongues as we sat at the supper table, and as we promenaded in the flower garden after supper, they would probably have recalled the story of Babel's tower. But there was this difference: here all was jollity and good fellowship and everybody seemed to enjoy the oddity of the situation, while at Babel everyone was very much put out by the confusion of tongues. All, except our American selves, were old family friends and relatives,—and, indeed, we, too, were generously adopted into the family! French was the ruling tongue, and the capacity of that language for rapid and rhythmical delivery was tested to the utmost. With here and there a familiar phrase or word, and much expressive gesticulation, and an occasional lapse into German, or an attempted translation into English for our benefit, we were able to catch and keep the run of the conversation.

It was Schützenfest Day and a procession of marksmen in fantastic uniforms filled the principal streets.

When the bands were not playing, the uniformed men would join in singing

hunting songs and patriotic airs. They carried old-fashioned cap-guns and wore salmon and white scarfs, hanging from the right shoulder and fastened with a big rosette at the hip on the left side. Most of them wore white linen trousers more or less soiled by the mud from recent rains. They wore feathers and flowers in their hats and seemed to be enjoying themselves and their grotesque appearance. This Schützenfest Day procession dates back to the bow-and-arrow period of Dutch history. The narrow streets were lined with women and children. The free and easy badinage between the men in line and the women and girls along the way was very amusing to the strangers.

The procession moved along over a picturesque bridge and under a time-worn arch,—which enjoys a clear record from the eleventh century,—past the rocky hill upon which stands an eleventh century castle, and thence to the shooting-ground.

A little later, as we sat in the parlors of the large summer hotel, having there met our friends by appointment, the firing from the grounds near by sounded as though the dwellers in historic old Limbourg were living over again their experience with battle and siege and sack.

Engaging an experienced guide for the quarries, we betook ourselves up the road past the castle. We stopped a moment to look up at the ruins of what, eight centuries ago, was the pride and protection of the village below, thence we proceeded through a wooded path, thence into an open road along the mountain side, and thence to a great yawning cave, shut in by a gate to prevent people straying in and getting lost.

We pass through the gate and are soon shut in from the outer world. We have

entered the subterranean labyrinth of sandstone quarries which honeycomb the Petersbourg range in every direction from Maastricht, in Holland, to Liege, in Belgium. These quarries have been worked for more than a thousand years. The underground passages are, altogether, over twelve miles in length and seven miles in width. The galleries vary from ten to fifty feet in height. They are supported by sandstone pillars which seem to have been placed in position instead of being "what's left" after the excavation. The stone itself is a yellow-gray, sandy and chalky. It is evidently formed of deposits from the ocean in pre-historic times, when this was the limit of the North Sea. Fragments of shells, corals, sharks' teeth, etc., make the evidence complete. The stone appears to be too soft and light in weight for substantial use. But therein lies its great value, in connection with the fact

that it hardens when subjected to exposure. It is easily sawed into any shape. It has no veins. It can be quarried at any desired thickness. Wagons can be drawn for miles over these underground roads, and a team of horses can carry an immense load of the stone up and out. The tunnels are dry. The temperature, summer and winter, is about 55° Fahrenheit. At first the air seems cold; but the system soon accommodates itself to the change, and the exercise of walking makes the visitor comfortable. The air is so dry and the temperature so uniform that the bodies of persons lost in the caverns have been found long afterwards, preserved from decomposition.

But I have kept the reader waiting some time just inside the entrance to this remarkable place. Let us follow our guide on into the mountain.

At first the walls are oppressively low, but soon the height is greater, and, with the temperature of the body restored to normal, after the first sudden change from the hot outside air, the rest of the underground trip is made with comfort and positive enjoyment.

We soon enter an art gallery unlike anything to be found above ground. The soft yellow-gray side-walls, when rubbed smooth, form excellent background for charcoal and crayon sketches. For miles the walls have been thus decorated, with portraits in black and white, landscapes in colors, caricatures and character sketches. Some of the pictures indicate rare talent. Underneath many of them are the names or initials of well-known artists.

One of the artists whose work attracts most attention is a dissipated young man in Valkenburg who early evinced rare talent in portraiture and landscape painting, but lacked industry and acquired the drink habit. Several pieces of sculpture found here are of much



ELEVENTH CENTURY GATEWAY IN FAUQUEMONT.

merit, representing knights in mail, scenes from the life of Christ, gnomes and fairies, gods and heroes. A series of full-length portraits of the famous old counts of Limbourg, the family of Gossin, are said to be excellent likenesses. Several of the landscapes are artistically framed in stone, the wall having been cut away inside and outside of lines drawn to represent the frame. There are also many representations of medallions, and other samples of repoussé work.

There is a pathetic and tragic side to this picture. We soon pass on into a cavern which has at some time been used for living purposes. Here is a fireplace. The walls are black overhead, the smoke having but slow passage to the far-distant upper air. There about the hearth are seats of cut stone. Yonder are apartments evidently cut out for use as sleeping rooms. There on the walls, printed in Dutch letters, are the names of ten or twelve children who were born here, underground!

This was the twenty-two months' residence of several families of Limbourgers, at one period in the devastating wars of the Seventeenth Century, when the province was the scene of horrors hard to realize in our era of peace. Near by is the chapel in which the refugees worshipped. The altar, the confessional, the dais in front of the altar, the well-worn stone stools upon which the worshippers knelt during the services, the walls overhead, blackened with smoke from torches by the light of which the services were conducted, altogether tell a pathetic tale of suffering and sacrifice and triumphant faith.

Retracing our steps, we soon re-enter one of the main avenues. Our guide calls a halt and, with a basket under his arm, runs on ahead. We see his receding lantern, but not a sound comes from his footfalls. He disappears and one of the ladies shiveringly exclaims, "What if



EXIT FROM THE PETERSBOURG GROTTO,
NEAR FAUQUEMONT.

he should never come back! Could we ever find our way out of this place?"

But look! there in the distance is a faint red glow. A moment later, the whole cavern, as far as we can see, is ablaze with red light. Lights and shadows everywhere! We comprehend better than before the honeycombing process which for a thousand years has been going on under this mountain called Petersbourg. The light dies away, and the blackness of darkness, relieved only by two small lanterns, is for a time almost oppressive. But soon the vision accommodates itself to the dim light, and we proceed.

We visit a large concert hall where, in times of jubilation, great choruses have made the caverns ring. Most of our party can sing, and one and another of the popular choruses of Germany, Holland and Belgium are sung with a vim and a glee which put to flight for a time the

memory of those refugees who lived and suffered and died in the chambers just visited.

We next proceed to the large refreshment room. Seated upon blocks of stone, about a stone table, after the inner man is partly satisfied, the visitors have an interesting attack of patriotism. The Germans sing "Was Blasen die Trompeten?" and "Wacht Am Rhein." The Dutch sing their national air. A Belgian with a grand voice sings the "Marseilles Hymn," and the American lady of our party sings "Star Spangled Banner," our one distinctively national air, which can be sung with pride after the "Marseilles." All then join in the air which Americans know as "America," but which, as most of our readers are aware, is also the one to which "God Save the Queen" is sung, and the air to which both the Dutch and the Germans, respectively, sing a patriotic song of their own.

We are now come out into a broad and high chamber, adorned with sculptured lions and large portraits, in the center of which is a pool of water in a

reservoir of stone. The water falls with unvarying regularity, three drops in quick succession, then a pause, then a single drop and then a pause. The drops fall from the deep-reaching roots of a tree overhead.

Up an inclined plane, then up the long stairs, out of darkness into light, out of the cool, dry air into the warm, moist atmosphere of a rainy day in summer. Our guide points out the distant spot near which we entered the grotto, at the other end of the village.

We climb to a famous "aussicht" or point of observation. The sun comes out to aid our vision.

Almost beneath us is a pavilion in which about a hundred men and women solemnly sit around twenty or more little tables. "Is it a convention?" we ask. "No," is the answer, "they're only drinking their beer after a hard climb. They are mostly strangers and, not having been introduced, don't feel free to let themselves out."

Farther down we see a portion of the ruined castle; still farther, the village in holiday attire with the red, white and



PRINCIPAL STREET IN FAUQUEMONT, OR VALKENBOURG, HOLLAND.

blue striped flag of Holland everywhere. Far along the valley the pretty little river Geul winds in and out among the trees, under arched bridges, and so on toward the sea. It is a beautiful view; not grand, but restfully beautiful. And the air is so pure and so sweet with the smell of the woods that we do not wonder the picturesque hillside hotel below is full of summer guests.

Thence to the village, where we Americans have a funny time of it trying to make our shop-German fit the understanding of a Dutch dealer in photographic views. We rejoin the party on the grounds of our Fauquemont friends' pleasant home. Our appetites sharpened by exercise, we delight our hostess with the rapid disappearance of the food set before us.

Soon after eight, in the evening, we are sitting in the crowded station waiting for the train to Aix la Chapelle, watching the homely, good-natured faces about us and listening to their strange speech—not German, and yet provokingly like it!

This is an interesting corner of the

earth. In Aix the masses are distinctively German. A half-hour's ride to the northwest and the people we see and hear are as distinctively Hollanders. An hour's ride, or less, to the southwest and we are in Verviers, where the French tongue holds high carnival and everybody thinks in French. But let us come nearer home. There's a quaint little village, about three miles west of Aix, where, in hot weather, we sometimes take an outdoor supper. This village, Vaals by name, is on the border-line between Belgium, Holland and Germany. Here the struggle for language mastery has resulted in many confusing compromises; but, judging from the queer old signs in front of the shops and the jargon of the natives, we conclude that the Dutch are not only still in possession of Holland but are also reaching out after Belgium and Germany! There's a point of land in Vaals at which the traditional German officer—usually so erect that he leans backward—can stand with one foot upon the Belgian's soil, and one foot upon the soil of Holland, and yet remain head and shoulders in Germany!

SUNSET.

SLOWLY the mighty sun, with fulgent ray,
Goes sliding down into the crimson West,
Leaving the embers of the dying day
Still burning where the ragged cloud-rifts rest;
Resteth a moment on the mountain's line,
Staining its verdure like a warrior's breast,
Then drops from sight, while mellow after-shine
Fringes with gold the cloud-cap's snowy crest.
Now fades the gorgeous glory of the sky,
And cool, deep shadows steal o'er vale and hill;
Even the aspen's trembling leaves are still.
No sound disturbs the quiet of the night,
Save when the marsh frog pipes his shrilly cry,
Or some lone night-bird wings its whirring flight.

Clarence Hawkes.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS OF WISCONSIN.

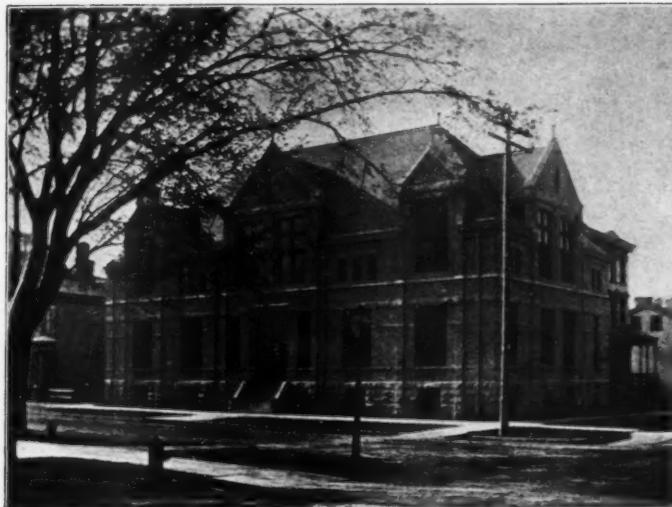
BY FANNY KENNISH EARL.

TO THE surface observer women's clubs may appear to be modern affairs,—afterthoughts of the college and university life; but the fact is, they are of very ancient origin. It is certain that one club, at least, received its name and charter from the Imperial authority at Rome at a very early date. These ancient clubs discussed, not only

society and etiquette, but also "meddled" (so saith the masculine scribe) in matters of politics! The woman's club is but the reappearance of a social question which finds its *raison d'être* deep down in the gregarious instincts of human nature, and pertains to no period or nation, but unfolds itself as a phase of life whenever and wherever the conditions are favorable.



MRS. FANNY KENNISH EARL, LAKE MILLS, WISCONSIN.



THE ATHENÆUM — THE FIRST WOMAN'S CLUB BUILDING ERECTED.

The Woman's Club of Wisconsin, as the best known club of Milwaukee is called, is among the earlier organizations, dating from 1876, and ranks first in social influence and applied methods for woman's advancement. The membership is limited to two hundred, and the society is ably presided over by Mrs. H. M. Finch. It meets fortnightly from October 1 to June 1, and the literary work is assigned to committees on art, literature, history, education, social life, science, and miscellaneous topics. This plan gives a pleasing variety to the programs, but is open to the objection of lacking continuity. The present year the plan is changed so that there is a miscellaneous and a consecutive course,—the latter taking up the period of the Moors in Spain and treating that era from the point of view of each of the committees. The club has further widened its field by an evening course of two lectures and four musical recitals by first-class artists. During the World's Fair the club offered a prize of \$500 to the Wisconsin woman who displayed the greatest talent in sculpture or painting, and awarded the prize to Miss

Nellie Mears, of Oshkosh, for her statue, "The Genius of Wisconsin," exhibited in the Wisconsin State Building. The money was to be used for educational purposes, and Miss Mears is studying in the Art League of New York, under the instruction of St. Gaudens, who speaks in terms of high praise of his talented young pupil.

Another event of interest in connection with the W. C. W. was the building of its club house, the "Athenæum." It was the first woman's club to undertake such a work. While the Athenæum is not the property of the club as an association, yet the secretary, Miss Alice Chapman, writes that "it is a direct outgrowth of the Woman's Club — and always to be so considered." It was designed by Mr. George B. Ferry and built by a stock company composed entirely of members of the club, and, while providing a home for the club at a merely nominal rent, has proven a very successful financial enterprise. The building is forty-five by eighty-five feet and has a basement and two stories above. A large dining-room, kitchen, china-closet, etc.,

are in the basement. On the next floor is the large and beautiful parlor of the club, with a broad central hall, library and committee rooms, and the upper floor is wholly occupied by the assembly hall, with its dressing rooms. This hall is rented for recitals, receptions, etc., and is the chief source of revenue. The exterior of the building combines simplicity with elegance, and the interior is finished and furnished with artistic taste.

The success of the *Athenæum* has induced other clubs to undertake like enterprises, notably the New Century Club, of Philadelphia, and the Propylæum, of Indianapolis. Each of these clubs has erected a club-house modeled after the *Athenæum* and bearing the same relation to the club as the *Athenæum* does to the Woman's Club of Wisconsin.

The Milwaukee College Endowment Association has, as its name suggests, a two-fold purpose. It proposes to raise a fund of \$20,000 to endow a President's

Chair in honor of its first president, Mary Mortimer. It seeks also to promote the higher education of women, making the college a center of the intellectual activities of the city. It is formed on the plan of the New England Club, and is divided into sections for the study of literature, science, economics, applied education and philanthropy. It holds six meetings each year for the whole membership of two hundred and thirty, for general discussions and the cementing of the component parts into a united whole. The club belongs to the general federation and its meetings are held in the "Association Rooms" of the college.

Another Milwaukee club worthy of special mention is the Social Economics Club. It has a limited membership of forty and takes parliamentary law as its basis of work. Part of each session is devoted to some economic question, such as "The Silver Question," "Municipal Reform," "County Charitable Institutions," etc. The discussions, always free, are bright and pertinent. The club meets in the committee rooms of the *Athenæum*.

The Wisconsin club which undoubtedly ranks second, both from its environment and the *personnel* of its membership, is the Woman's Club of Madison, of which Miss Mary L. Atwood has been the efficient president since its organization, February 25, 1893. It includes, as does the W. C. W., many of the leaders of social, artistic and literary life. The atmosphere of a university town,—surcharged with the ozone emanating from the intellectual and political forces concentrated at a state capital,—is particularly favorable to the formation of a club "for the development of intellectual life," and "a center of literary, scientific and musical culture."

The club is formed on the same plan as the Milwaukee Woman's Club, and has a limited membership of one hundred and fifty. It has a beautiful suite of rooms in the Fuller Opera House and follows its literary program by a social hour to which "the cup that cheers" forms a fra-



MISS NELLIE F. MEARS, OSHKOSH,
Sculptor of "The Genius of Wisconsin."

grant accessory. The Madison Club includes a number of ladies of marked literary ability, and its members have assisted on the programs of both the Woman's Club of Wisconsin and the Fortnightly of Chicago. Mrs. Anna R. Sheldon, of the University Extension Lecture Course, has many calls from other towns. Her work in history—begun in an informal way with a few congenial friends—has so grown in demand that, beside her classes in Madison, one of which, at least, is organized as a club, she has been called to Milwaukee, Kenosha, Racine and other cities. Mrs. Mary Adams,—the gifted wife of the President of the State University,—Mrs. Louise Phillips, Mrs. Aubertine Moore, Mrs. Conover, and others, have much more than a local reputation for literary work of a high character.

The Madison Club has also given receptions to distinguished women, visiting in the city, which are remembered as social events. Last year Miss Julia Marlowe was the recipient of such attentions, and this year's guests include Miss Kate Field and the wife of ex-Governor Peck.

The Leisure Hour Club, of Oshkosh, was organized in 1886. It is limited to twenty members, and its study is the History of Art. The club recently made a unique and beautiful application of its art study in a "Grecian Feast," given at the home of Miss Paine. The arrangements and house decorations were Grecian, as was the attire of the guests. The *menu* was strictly antique, the toasts were given according to the Athenian customs, and the whole entertainment was entered into with spirit and enthusiasm. The club has studied the art of Greece, Italy, France, Germany, Spain and England, and is connected with the general federation of clubs. Miss Harriet McGee, of the Oshkosh Normal School, is the efficient leader.



"THE GENIUS OF WISCONSIN"—NELLIE P. MEARS, SCULPTOR.
Exhibited in the Wisconsin Building at the World's Fair.

Oshkosh has also a Ladies' Study Class, which is taking up French history of the Napoleonic era. Hugo's description of Waterloo and Zola's account of Sedan are to be read in illustration. The Reading Club, studying in connection with the University Extension Course, has also done excellent work.

The Friends in Council, of Berlin, has celebrated its twenty-first birthday. The first years were given to fragmentary study, but, in 1879, it took up the Chautauqua Course. Since then it has given six years to the study of art and the remaining years to Emerson, Carlyle and Browning. Its program for this year is suggestive of rich enjoyment for a lover of the master-poet. The Athena Society, of Berlin, belongs to the general federation, and its vice-president, Mrs. Gertrude S. Rumsey, is chairman of the state correspondence. The club is limited to twenty members, and takes up a comparative study of lit-

erature with Shakspeare as a basis. This has taken them into a study of the Greek classics and also the later poets, as Goethe, Browning and Tennyson. Berlin has also the Monday Night Club and the Alpha, both of which are doing excellent literary work.

Fond du Lac is also a city of clubs. The Knowledge Seekers, twelve in number, have taken up history as a basis of study. This year a large part of their program is devoted to early discoveries in America, and American history, with the addition of current events and literature. The Tourists' Club, organized in 1880, planned an extensive tour. They obtained all the information in regard to routes, letters of credit, etc., necessary in an actual trip, and have wended their way through England, Scotland, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Switzerland, and this year complete their long journey by a trip up the Rhine and through Belgium. They have also studied the his-

tory, literature, art, etc., of the countries through which they passed. Much credit is given to the leader, Mrs. Babcock, for the success of the club. The Ramblers, another group of twelve, have followed the line of Columbus' explorations, have studied the conquest of Mexico, and sailed along the coast of South America, making numerous short trips into the interior. The Desmit Club, limited to ten, confines its study to the dramas of Shakespeare.

Green Bay has also a Shakspeare Club, organized in 1877. The first five years were devoted to a study of Shakspeare, reading with a cast of characters. Later, literary criticism, the Iliad, English literature, Dante and Browning, English and French history, and modern painters have been studied. The club retains its name, and connects itself with its earlier work by accompanying its anniversaries with Shakespearian readings.

The Wednesday Club, of Appleton, was organized in 1881, and includes in its membership some of the faculty of Lawrence University and resident alumnae. It is limited to twenty and follows a course in general literature. Among its members is Mrs. Mary A. Stansbury, author of "How He Saved St. Michael's." This famous poem is probably the one most familiar to the public, but its graceful and gifted author has written many others of rare merit. The Reading Club is limited to fifteen members and has confined itself to American authors. The Clio Club admits twenty, and took Bryce's Commonwealth as a basis of study.

Eau Claire's Woman's Club takes up its work seriously. Last year it discussed "Evolution" in its broadest sense. The program consists of an address of thirty or forty minutes, followed by a discussion.

Janesville Woman's Club organized in 1877 as an art class. After a study of art and architecture for



MRS. CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, MADISON,
Prominent in Club Work in the State.

several years it reorganized, with a limit of thirty to its membership, and took up the study of history and literature.

La Crosse has several clubs, the largest being the Art Class, which takes up the history of art with the aid of a stereopticon. It has a large, enthusiastic and influential membership. The Coterie and several smaller limited clubs are devoted to literary studies.

Of West Superior's Woman's Club the sessions are reported to be "interesting, entertaining and instructive." English history and myth studies occupy its attention. It has recently joined the general federation.

Fort Atkinson has a Tuesday Club of many years' standing. Its meetings are somewhat informal in character and have been largely devoted to historical study. This year's program announces a study of modern literature.

Reedsburg's Literary Circle has receded from its position as an "ideal club,"—as it is called by the *fin de siècle* mind, getting back to the basis of all social institutions, as found in the Garden of Eden,—and devotes itself exclusively to the advancement of the gentler sex. Its general line of work is English history.

Kenosha's Woman's Club has a miscellaneous program. "The Revolt of the Daughters," "Modern Art," "Fiske's 'Destiny of Man,'" are random extracts. It has also given, this year, a course of art lectures. The membership is limited to sixty.

Ashland's Monday Club has a membership of forty, and history and current events make up its program. It has a club room in the Vaughn Library Building and the advantage of a good reference library. The club belongs to the general federation, and Mrs. E. Vaughn, who presented the public library to the city, was its originator and first president.

The Woman's Reading Club of Min-



MRS. MARY A. P. STANSBURY,
Author of "How He Saved St. Michael's."

eral Point was organized in December, 1894. It has already a membership of fifty-five, a well-arranged and comprehensive program on American literature and art, has opened a reading-room furnished with a dozen leading magazines and as many papers, has seven hundred books covered and classified, and expects by March 1st to open a public library of one thousand well-selected volumes.

Sparta has evidently welcomed the advanced woman! It has the Clio, the Aldine, the Young Ladies' Club, the Friends in Council, and the Sparta Literary Club, besides a number of Chautauqua Circles. The Clio is the oldest club in the State which has yet reported. It was organized in 1871, and four of its original five members still retain their membership. It is limited to eight. Shakespeare, the Iliad and the Odyssey, Don Quixote, history and current literature, have all been thoroughly studied. The Aldine was organized in 1880, the others more recently, and they take up various lines of literature.

Lake Mills' Woman's Club has a limited membership of sixty. English history and literature form its basis of work, but a part of each weekly session is devoted to an original paper. This part of the program contributes much to the interest of the club. One of its bright, young members, Miss Mary Mears, is already a contributor to the *Harpers' periodicals*. Music is also an attractive feature.

Waukesha has three active clubs. The "Beacon Lights" Reading Club has a miscellaneous program at its semi-monthly meetings. It has a limited membership of thirty, including some of the brightest women of that lively little city. The Magazine Club, limited to twenty-four, provides choice periodical literature, which is systematically passed from one member to another. In addition to this a literary program is given at the fortnightly meetings. The Shakespeare Club, composed of young ladies, takes up the study which its name suggests.

The Woman's Club of Sheboygan is studying Spain,—its geography, history, art and literature. It is limited to twenty-five, and holds its meetings on Tuesday forenoons.

Racine has a large literary class, numbering about ninety, under the direction of Mrs. J. G. McMurphy, who lectures on Greek, French and English literature.

This paper does not claim to give a complete list of Wisconsin's clubs. In fact, recent letters tell me of a Chautauqua Club at Menasha, a Tuesday and a "Y. T. & F. Club" at Neenah, a Clio Club at Manitowoc, a Ladies' Literary Club at Wausau, the "Chippewas" at Eau Claire, the Ladies' Educational Club at Ripon, and there are strong club indications in various other parts of the horizon; but, with the piles of documents already on my table, I dare not pursue my investigations further. I have omitted many important features of club work which are common to nearly all, and have only pointed out a few unique characteristics which differentiate the individual species from the *genus* club.

The Woman's Club, as a movement, in Wisconsin, is of comparatively recent origin, and has been quietly developing from what appears to be a subjective motive,—since the impulse does not seem to have come from without,—and there has been almost no communication between the various clubs. It is noticeable, too, that the study is, almost without exception, serious educational work, although a large majority of the clubs recognize the social element of life in one way or another. While church, reform and philanthropic movements interest all classes and conditions of womankind, set aside nothing as "common or unclean," include all women as good material,—as a recent writer aptly puts it, "good for something, or good for nothing,"—the club movement aims to unify the intellectual power



MISS MARY LOUISA ATWOOD, MADISON,
President of the Woman's Club.

of the sex for the advancement of the race. It is a call for the united effort of the "creative fifth," and an admonition to a material age that "the life is more than meat."

The movement, already inaugurated, to form a state federation, will, doubtless, be the touch to awaken the *esprit du corps* and unite all the clubs of the State in harmonious action in whatever pertains to the welfare of women—or of

humanity. The Madison Club has taken a step in this direction in calling for the support of the other clubs of the state in a petition to the Governor for the appointment of a woman on the University Board of Regents. If Governor Upham is correctly reported in saying, "the women can have anything they want," even the club movement was not necessary to make our fair State a woman's paradise.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

By J. D. COWLES.

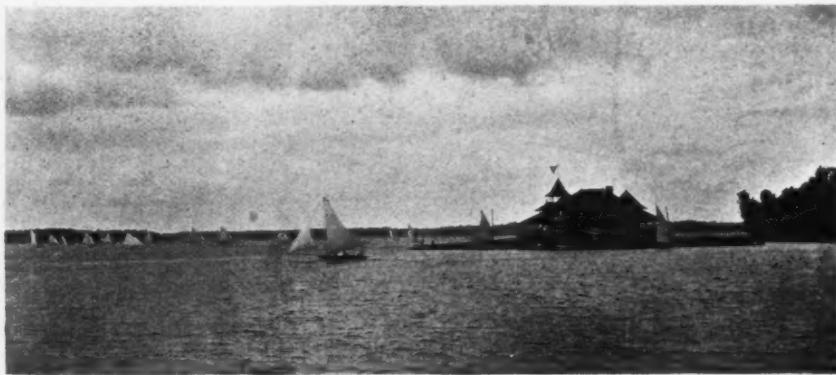
THIS beautiful body of water, famed above all other of Minnesota's lakes for its charm of scenery and popularity as a summer resort, lies about twelve miles west of Minneapolis and twenty miles west of St. Paul. Its name, like that of the famous falls of Minnehaha, whose creek is formed by its outlet, is derived from the Indian tongue. The Dakotas called it Me-ne-a-tank-ka, or Broad Water. The *a* has been dropped, and the name as now spoken, signifies Big Water.

On hill and dale the cities pour their gay and fair;
Along the sapphire lake they sail, and quaff like wine the balmy air.
'Tis well. Of yore from isle and shore the smoke of Indian tepees rose.
The hunter piled the silent oar, the forest lay in still repose.

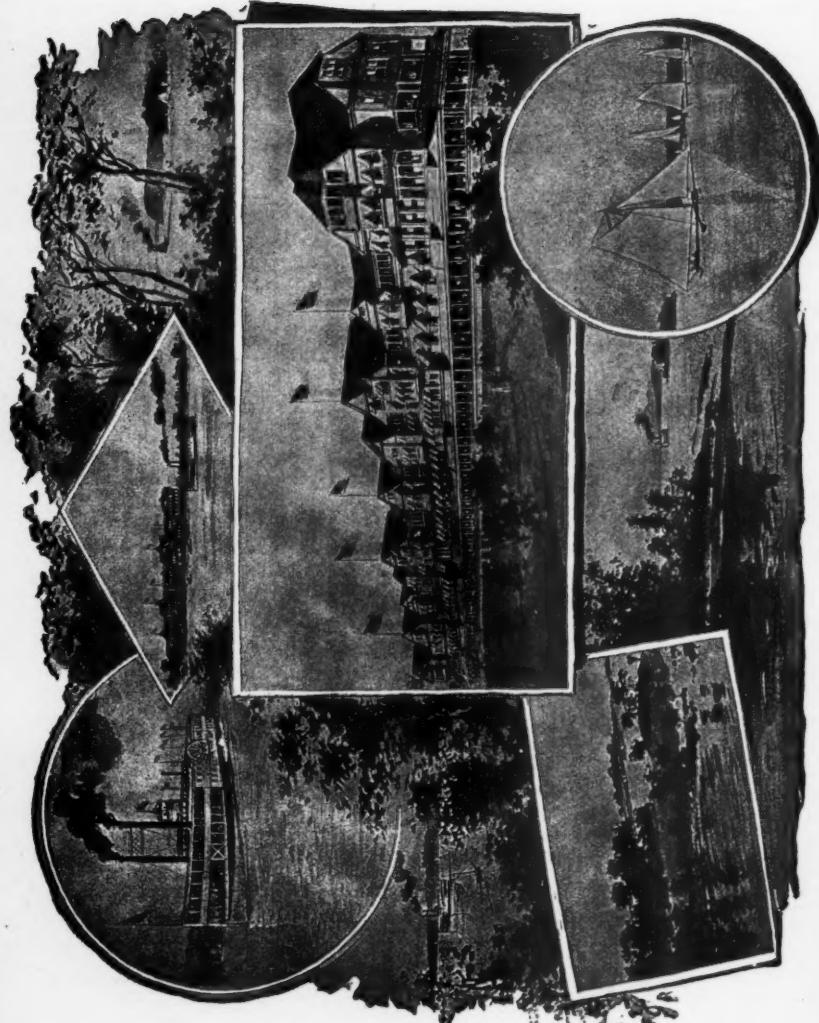
Ah, birch canoe and hunter, too, have long forsaken lake and shore;
He bade his father's bones adieu, and turned away for evermore.

Here, where the braves of the Dakotas
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace Pipe,
the favored ones of our land, from south, east and west, now assemble to enjoy the beauties and participate in the pleasures of an ideal summer resort.

The lake itself is so broken in shore line and dotted with islands that someone has said, "Nature has here involved herself in a hopeless tangle of shore and water." But it is a tangle which may be followed, and no more delightful task can occupy a summer's day than to explore this succession of points and bays. The



MINNETONKA YACHT CLUB BOAT-HOUSE AND FLEET.



With Views of the Lake from various Points about Minnetonka Beach.
HOTEL LAFAYETTE,

lake is divided by a narrow channel into what are known as the Lower and Upper Lakes. These two parts are reached by different lines of railway, the Great Northern road passing along the northern shore, the Minneapolis & St. Louis along the southern, while the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul touches the points at the extreme eastern end.

All about the lake, at every point and upon every bay, are cottages erected by the summer residents. Many of these are occupied by their owners summer after summer and others are built to rent. While the Lower Lake is the more desirable to those who seek social gaieties, the Upper Lake is frequented by those who prefer Nature's quiet beauty.

Three large hotels are situated on the shores of the Lower Lake. Of these the largest is Hotel Lafayette, on Minnetonka Beach,—in fact, it is one of the largest and finest summer hotels in America. It is built upon high ground on the northern shore of the lake, between Crystal Bay and Holmes Bay. This beautiful location will be better understood when it is known that in this immense hotel, which is between seven



A VIEW OF LAKE MINNETONKA.

and eight hundred feet long, there is no window which does not look out upon the water. Minnetonka Beach is one of the most beautiful points upon the lake. During the summer season every diversion is provided for the large number of guests, and the social functions of the Lafayette are events of interest, not only at the lake, but among the society people of Minneapolis. Great natural attractions are also afforded by the lake and surrounding drives.

Hotel St. Louis, situated upon high ground overlooking St. Louis Bay, and indeed the main part of the Lower Lake, is a favorite with St. Louis people and Southerners generally. The views from



HOTEL ST. LOUIS, FROM DONALDSON'S POINT.



VIEW OF CRYSTAL BAY, MINNETONKA — FROM THE GROUNDS OF J. A. WOLVERTON.

its windows, and the broad verandas—which extend across its floors in true Southern style—are magnificent. Across the broad bay is Big Island and further on are expanses of water broken by wooded banks and backed by distant hills. Cottages dot the woods which surround the hotel, tennis grounds are upon its right, and walks and drives bring constant surprises with their ever-changing

views. At the rear of the hotel is the row of whitewashed "darkey quarters," a novel sight to the Northern visitor as it is a familiar one to the Southern.

In front of Hotel St. Louis, upon an island which was formerly a reef, stands the Minnetonka Yacht Club House. This club house is a rare example of harmonious architecture. The lines of its broad, sloping roof curve up from the reef as the reef curves up from the water. The deep recesses of the porch and the shadows of the rounded belvederes seem to suggest that the same upheaval of nature threw reef and club house as one harmonious whole, above the surrounding waters. The red cedar shingles of the roof and the deep copper finials have been weathered by summer's sun and winter's frost until they have the sheen of a silver plush surmounted by a soft metallic glow. The effect of color and outline as seen from the lake against the back-



VIEW OF HOTEL ST. LOUIS' GROUNDS — YACHT CLUB HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

ground of trees in the distance is that of a picture whose harmonies are perfect. The club house is a distinctive credit to its architect, Mr. Harry W. Jones, of Minneapolis.

The Minnetonka Yacht Club has a membership of three hundred and a fleet of eighty yachts. The club has won a world-wide reputation, especial interest having been aroused in a recent race in which a new yacht, the *Onawa*, built by Arthur Dyer, of Deephaven, Minnetonka, and owned by Mr. Ward C. Burton, beat all other boats upon the lake without time allowance, even those built by the Herreshoffs, the builders of the *Vigilant*.

The club holds a regatta every other Saturday during the summer, and an annual cruise in August, which is the outing of the club, with picnic dinner at Chapman's upon the Upper Lake. The club bears the distinction of having the fastest fresh-water sailing yachts in the world.

A delightful day was spent by the writer in cruising about the Lower and Upper Lakes in one of the yachts belonging to this club, "The Wave," owned and sailed by Mr. J. A. Camp, one of the most experienced yachtsmen upon the lake.

The Lake Park Hotel is also upon high ground, between Gideon's Bay and the main lake near the Narrows. It is finely located among forest trees which, how-



LAKE PARK HOTEL.

ever, do not cut off the beautiful views upon every side. The hotel is surrounded by verandas upon every floor and surmounted by a tower from which are obtained fresh breezes and charming views. The frequent hops and formal balls given at this hotel each season are quite a feature of its entertainment. The course of the Intercollegiate and Mississippi Valley Rowing Associations extends from the Lake Park to Hotel Lafayette.

A large steamer, the *City of St. Louis*,



RESIDENCE OF MR. F. H. PEAVEY, WAYZATA.



RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM DONALDSON, AT COTTAGEWOOD.

plies between the main points of the Lower Lake during the season, and often carries large excursion and picnic parties. There are also small steam yachts upon the lake which touch at all the points and make trips to the Upper Lake as well. These are often chartered by smaller excursion parties.

Big Island is located at the upper end of the Lower Lake. It stands high from the water and is heavily wooded. It forms a conspicuous part of all extended

views of the Lower Lake and in the autumn when its foliage is brilliantly colored, indeed at all times of the year, it adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery. A few cottages are clustered at the western end of the island, but the main part of it is natural forest. The haunted house, which lent romance to its wild beauty, was recently burned.

Just south of Big Island is Brightwood Island, more often referred to as Gale's Island, from the fact that Mr. H. A. Gale—one of the oldest settlers of Minneapolis—and his family have passed their summers here for twenty years.

This island rises high from the water and, like Big Island, is thickly wooded. The south side is terraced and planted with grape vines which yield delicious fruit; indeed, the Minnetonka grapes are famous for their size and fine flavor.

Directly south of Big Island and just across Gideon's Bay from Lake Park Hotel is the town of



RESIDENCE OF MR. H. J. BURTON, AT DEEPHAVEN.

Excelsior, an enterprising village of about eight hundred inhabitants, four churches, a public school and an academy. Gideon's Bay is named for the man who owned the surrounding land. The state experimental farm, now between St. Paul and Minneapolis, was formerly located here and was under the charge of Mr. Gideon. A number of interesting Indian mounds are upon this land, but as Mr. Gideon is a Spiritualist he has not allowed them to be opened.

The southern and eastern shores of the Lower Lake are thickly studded with beautiful cottages. Those of Mr. William Donaldson at Cottagewood, opposite Hotel St. Louis, Mr. H. J. Burton at Deephaven, across the bay from Cottagewood, and Mr. W. S. Milnor at Excelsior, on Gideon's Bay, are especially fine, while for beauty of grounds and magnificence of extended views, Mr. Charles Gibson's "Northome" is not to be surpassed.

Next the Spring Park Hotel are two houses owned by General Rosser, of Vir-

ginia, one of which is used as a house, the other as an amusement hall.

On Wayzata Bay there are a number of especially fine homes. Prominent among them are those of Mrs. F. C. Pillsbury, Mr. W. G. Northrup, Mr. B. F. Semple, Mr. E. J. Phelps and Mr. A. C. Loring, all of Minneapolis.

The finest place at the lake is now being built for Mr. F. H. Peavey, a wealthy grain dealer of Minneapolis. The house, of red brick, has a frontage of 160 feet and stands in the center of a large farm, formerly the Pillsbury stock farm, and overlooks the entire lake. This place is especially interesting from the fact that it is built and designed as a country place in true English style, and not as a summer residence only. Plans for the house, walled gardens and all that go to make it distinctly English in style, were drawn by Mr. William Channing Whitney, a well-known architect of Minneapolis.

Another cluster of beautiful houses is at Northwood, Minnetonka Beach. This is a long arm of land



PORCH OF J. H. BURTON'S RESIDENCE.



SUMMER HOMES OF B. F. SEMPLE AND E. J. PHELPS.

which divides Crystal Bay from the main body of water. The bay is well named. It is a clear, shining gem, cut off almost entirely from the lake itself. An ideal summer home, owned by Mr. J. A. Wolverton, is situated upon the low bluff which overlooks it. A row across this calm bay and out into the open lake to view the rising harvest moon is a memory picture of rare beauty.

Another of the handsome residences at Northwood is that of Mr. W. W.

Huntington, who was one of the first persons to make Minnetonka his summer home. Mr. Horace Henry has also a large and elegant residence here.

At Minnetonka Beach is also the building known as the Bachelors' Club House. This club house was built about eleven years ago with the agreement that the last member to marry was to become its owner. The last bachelor proved to be Mr. Cavour Langdon, of Minneapolis, and he and his bride are now living in their oddly acquired home.



COTTAGE OF W. B. NORTHRUP.

The tortuous channel of the old Narrows, which was constantly filling with weeds and making it difficult for the boats to pass through, has been abandoned and a new channel cut, which, though not so picturesque, is certainly more practicable. It is given a somewhat quaint aspect, however, by the ferry, which crosses it in primitive style.

In the Upper Lake there are two well-known hostellries. At Spring Park Station there is the Hotel Del Otaro, and in Cook's Bay the Chapman House. The

latter is a famous place for picnics. At Spring Park Point there is a club house at which the surrounding cottagers take their meals, thus reducing the cares of housekeeping. Many St. Paul and St. Louis people spend their summers here. The Chapman House is a mile and a half from Spring Park Station, and a beautiful drive connects the two places. Just west of Chapman's is Mound City, where are numerous reminders of the race which formerly made these woods their home.



VIEW FROM PORCH OF W. B. NORTHRUP'S HOME.



INTERIOR OF W. B. NORTHRUP'S HOME.

Here is the cottage of Governor Austin, one of the earliest homes upon the Upper Lake.

At the Narrows is a point called Interlachen, where is the cottage of Uncle Boston, the Sunday School missionary in charge of the unique chapel car, Evangel.

On Wild Goose Island, the first island of the Upper Lake, stands a lonely and deserted cabin. The whole island is not much larger than an ordinary yard, and yet here a Southern woman, Virginia Reil by name, moved and reared her family of nine children after their father's death. It would seem an eerie sort of place to

throughout the year, and only a woman of unique character would choose it for her home.

A trip through the Upper Lake takes one past Spray Island, Shady Island and Enchanted Island, where is the pretty home of Commodore Zimmerman of the Minnetonka

Navigation Company; Wawatassa Island, Crane Island, where the shrill notes of the steam launch bring the cranes and cormorants screaming from their nests among the tree-tops; to Eagle Island, and finally, at the extreme end of the lake, to the Hermitage, the most unique spot upon all Minnetonka's shore. This is the home of Major Halsted, a brother of Murat Halsted, the well known editor. He lives here alone through summer and winter, though his solitude is often invaded

during the summer months by friends and tourists, for his history and that of the spot which he makes his home are as remarkable as is his manner of life, and as a consequence they are well and widely known.

In 1854 Frank William Halsted, a brother of the major, after a supposed disappointment in a love affair, came to this then wild and uninhabited spot and erected a log cabin in which he took up a solitary abode. Here he lived until the beginning of the Civil War when he enlisted in the navy. He was promoted to the rank of captain and served throughout the war



INTERIOR OF J. A. WOLVERTON'S, AT CRYSTAL BAY.



INTERIOR OF HERMITAGE.

and then again turned his steps toward his cabin in the wilderness. In 1872 Major Halsted, who had earned his title in the army while his brother had served in the navy, was shocked by the news which reached him of his brother's suicide in the beautiful lake which lay at the foot of the bluff upon which his cabin was built. Major Halsted at once left his home at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, for the distant hermitage which he had never seen. He took immediate possession of the place and has made it his own home ever since. Before the house, and at the top of the steep bluff from which was taken the fatal leap into the waters below, is the solitary grave of his brother. The cabin is covered and strewn with relics of much interest to the visitor. Upon the door is an old brass knocker upon which is engraved :

1735.
ELIZABETHTOWN, NEW JERSEY.
1888.
THE HERMITAGE, LAKE MINNETONKA,
MINNESOTA.

In the hall is a mariner's compass which his brother brought with him from the navy. Near the open fireplace are two old clocks, one a French marble clock of the First Empire, the other a family hall clock

over one hundred years old. Upon the farther side of the fireplace stands an upholstered chair once owned and used by Jefferson Davis, and all about the room are mementoes of the war. A drinking cup, two canteens,—one the former property of a Confederate soldier,—a cribbage board made while in Libby Prison, war medals, a photograph of General Custer with a personal note from Mrs. Custer upon the back, are a few of these relics. The coffee pot of heavy plated Britannia ware which is in daily use as it has been

in the same family for an unknown number of years, bears upon it the date 1759. The shelf of books which stands between the two front windows is in itself worth a long journey to see. Here is a *Juvenalis Satiræ* dated MDCCXXXVI, and Maxims and Moral Reflections by the Duke de la



MAJOR HALSTED, "THE HERMIT."

Rouchefoucault, MDCCXCV, with others of equal interest. In contrast to these are the modern newspapers and magazines which lie strewn upon the table, for, strange as is his life, Major Halsted does not live upon the memories of the past, but keeps abreast of the times and, contrary to the traditional hermit, extends a cordial welcome to his visitors.

The many arms and bays of Lake Minnetonka, almost entirely cut off from the main body of water and seldom visited by the tourist, are the haunts of the fisherman. Here are to be found bass, pickerel, sun-fish and croppies in great abundance, and a day's fishing is liberally rewarded. The water is deep, varying from seventy-five to one hundred feet.

The sports and pleasures of Minnetonka are not confined to the summer months. At least twenty ice-boats are owned by private parties living at the lake or in Minneapolis, and as soon as the water is frozen over these boats are to be seen skimming over the ice like white-winged gulls. The speed which they attain is very rapid, and the sport correspondingly exciting.

Thus, summer and winter Minnetonka is visited by those who have learned to know and love the varying moods of this beautiful lake. Its fine location, beauty of scenery and facilities for sports of so many kinds make it one of the most beautiful, healthful and attractive resorts to be found in the United States.

CLUB FEDERATION IN IOWA.

FIRST BIENNIAL MEETING OF THE STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

BY ELLA HAMILTON DURLEY.

CLUB women in Iowa will long remember, and with peculiar pleasure, the month of May just past. Nor is it for the reason that nature has seldom, at this season, put on so regal a garb, such radiant glow and richness of color, such kindly wealth of bloom, nor given so full a promise of abundant harvest. All this has been but a pleasing incident in the life of the Iowa club woman. The event around which all else centered, and which is destined to give permanent tone to the picture, was the first biennial meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, at Cedar Rapids, May 8th and 9th.

Two years ago, in Des Moines, this state organization came into being. Indeed the Des Moines Women's Club may be said to be its mother, though the Marshalltown Club, in its royal entertainment some months before of guests from neighboring towns, bidden for the sake of furthering mutual ac-

quaintance and promoting good fellowship among club women, took an important step towards the already contemplated movement. To Iowa belongs the distinction of being the second state in the Union to federate its clubs, and the first to obtain admission to the General Federation, doing so in 1893, a year before the latter held its second biennial meeting.



MRS. ELLEN M. HENROTIN,
President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

It is always gratifying to witness the growth and interesting to speculate upon the possibilities of a healthy, promising child, such as was the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs. Born at a time when the world contains wondrous meaning for every living being, dedicated in infancy to helpfulness to womankind, the Iowa Federation could scarcely do otherwise than fulfill its purpose well. Its growth has been phenomenal. The thirty-seven clubs which entered as charter members had, before the first biennial gathering, swelled to ninety-nine, and that, too, as the president reported, without the slightest forcing process.

"This is the woman's century," said Victor Hugo, and, it may well be added, the present is the period of organization among women.

Everything combined to make the Cedar Rapids meeting successful. The place is one of beautiful homes, of generous-hearted people, and open-handed hospitality ruled the hour. The Ladies' Literary Club of Cedar Rapids chose to be the entertainers. Originally, each

member of this committee of thirty-five pledged herself to the entertainment of two guests, but that was before the returns had come in. Afterwards the number was greatly enlarged, and the results were such that no one felt in the least like gainsaying the playful statement of the local chairman of arrangements when she announced that,

"Like little Mary Wood,
We did the best we could."

It was no ordinary assemblage,—these club women representing fifty different towns and ninety-nine organizations. Beauty and brains, engaging manners, eloquent speech, handsome toilets were strongly *en evidence*. Even the morose bachelor of the town arose to say that he found the up-to-date club woman a charming piece of femininity, viewed thus in the concrete, and that it was a cruel slander to assert that the new woman was in reality an old woman,—old and ugly and ill-dressed; *au contraire*, he believed her to be a creature "whom age could not wither, nor custom stale." For once the bachelor was right. Plainly, the woman with a purpose is every whit as captivating as is she who lives solely for admiration.

Some interesting statistics were brought out in the report of the corresponding secretary, Mrs. Anna Belknap Howe. She said that the Dubuque Conversational Club was the oldest in the state, dating back to 1868; that the Ladies' Literary Association, of the same city, with its 265 members, was the largest club in the Federation, and the Anakrisian Society, of Sioux City, the smallest, the latter having a membership of but six; that the Des Moines Women's Club, which has an art fund of \$4,000, was the richest club in the organization; that the Marshalltown Women's Club was the only one with a distinct building fund; that the Isabella Club, of Iowa Falls, stands alone in having husbands as honorary members, and that to Belmond



MRS. ANNA BELKNAP HOWE, OF MARSHALLTOWN,
The newly elected President of the Federation.

belongs the distinction of having a literary circle composed entirely of newspaper women,— the Holly Press Club.

Mutual helpfulness is the guiding principle of club life, and, altogether, its most praiseworthy feature. The law of reciprocity prevails. This was admirably illustrated in the first biennial meeting of the Federation. Representatives from the large clubs of the cities were able, through their reports, to impart much to the leaders in more isolated localities, but a full return was made in the clever and original methods which the latter could unfold. Cleverness and originality have, fortunately, all places for their own. Men and women who have had the finest opportunities in life oftentimes find it to their advantage to make their homes in the little towns of the frontier. Many of them keep thoroughly apace with the spirit of the age by frequent trips from home and extensive reading, while they have that which is indispensable to intellectual growth, namely, time for thought and reflection, and freedom from the dissipation attending an exacting social life. It was noteworthy the number of strong and progressive women in the convention from the country towns. Possibly it was a surprise to some of the city women. As Miss Knobe wittily said, the chief difference between the city and country woman was in the size of her sleeves.

From first to last the convention was admirably managed. Its machinery ran like clock-work. Nothing arose to mar its perfect harmony. To the gracious leadership of the president, Mrs. Virginia J. Berryhill,* of Des Moines, whose courtesy and fairness were unvarying, who held her forces with the skill of a general and the finesse of a parliamentarian, much of the success of this first biennial meeting is due. "Wisdom and Love," the noble shibboleth proposed by this gifted Iowa woman for the National Federation, at Philadelphia, was exemplified



MRS. MARY W. COGSWELL, OF CEDAR RAPIDS,
The newly elected Vice-President of the Federation.

throughout in her conduct of the office of chairman. To be just, kind and wise, as well as easy and dignified in the chair, is to combine rare qualities for that position; and fortunate it was that, for its first administration, the Iowa Federation chose so well.

The President's Address conveyed in brief her ideas regarding this important movement among women, and dwelt with special emphasis upon certain practical ends toward which she believed the organization should work. The establishment of circulating libraries as effective agencies for benefiting society was strongly recommended. It was also suggested that some system be adopted whereby papers upon which much thoughtful care had been expended should be read before other circles, thus establishing a stimulating interchange of courtesies, and extending fellowship, as well as giving direct benefit by the dissemination of knowledge and the introduction of new elements into club life. The vexed question how to elect officers was also touched upon in this

*Portrait in *MIDLAND* for January, 1894.

address, and the opinion of Harriet R. Shattuck, whose "Manual of Parliamentary Law," is the rule of the Federation, was quoted from a private letter. Mrs. Shattuck regards, as the method open to least objection, that of nominating by informal ballot at one session, and voting by the Australian system at a subsequent session. Many hope that something similar to this will yet be adopted.

The method employed at present is that of a nominating committee elected by the body of the house. This committee makes a report to which no one has the courage to object, however strongly she may desire to do so. It is a weakness in women to stand in such fear of unfavorable criticism that they will submit to anything rather than to frankly express their objections, but it is a weakness which experience alone will over-

come. That the method adopted for the election of officers is distasteful to Iowa club women in general, who are both courteous and democratic, was evidenced at the First Biennial Convention of the General Federation, in Chicago, when a called meeting of the Hawkeye delegation was held to protest against this undemocratic system. That the objectionable clause should have been incorporated into the constitution of this home organization was simply an oversight. It will doubtless be changed, as it opens the way to manipulation and unfair advantage.

In this connection there suggests itself a criticism which reached the writer. It was that in so large a body there should be a more widely representative executive committee. Now the officers, three of whom constitute a quorum, have power to transact all business. It would seem

that a board of directors, with a member from each congressional district, might do this work to the greater satisfaction of all.

There were so many clever little two-minute speeches among the ninety-nine club reports, so many excellent and helpful plans unfolded, that one feels like going very slowly in intimating that a change in this part of the program might be desirable. But even the best things grow tedious if long drawn out, and with the number of clubs steadily on the increase, some other way of bringing out this information will, undoubtedly, have to be devised. In fact, it is largely given in the report of the secretary. In addition to the latter, a district report might be advisable.

There were comparatively few unmarried ladies in attendance. A report from a Maquoketa reading circle, given by a pretty young girl just out of school, was, therefore, especially appreciated. Their club, she said, was composed entirely of the younger women, twenty-nine of whom were banded together for



MISS MABEL VERNON DIXON, OF OTTUMWA,
The Federation's newly elected Treasurer.

self-improvement. The past year they had taken three magazines, which they had found excellent as supplementary reading. They were the *MIDLAND*, the *Century* and *Harper's*. She spoke with pride and enthusiasm of the *MIDLAND*, rejoicing that so fine a literary periodical was a product of the West.

"We have been devoting our time for the past six-month to the study of that picturesque country, Holland," said a representative of the "T. V." Circle, of Des Moines, adding, with quiet humor in her speech, "It has been a fascinating study. As a result, our members took naturally to the Dutch bonnets in vogue this spring." Her own was a picture in its quaintness.

It is pleasant to see the practical thus go hand in hand with the intellectual, even though it runs to one of those "three dreadful D's, Dress, Domestic and Diseases."

"Be a light in the window, if you cannot be a star in the sky," was the expressive motto of one of the smaller clubs.



MRS. JESSIE MALLORY THAYER, OF CHARITON,
The newly elected Corresponding Secretary.

All imaginable subjects were reported as occupying the attention of these students. Quoting from the breezy, rhythmical address of Mrs. J. L. Bracken, of Tama, there was a bit of everything —

"From factors of modern civilization
Back to the time of the first creation."

The mooted question, "To what extent shall clubs engage in philanthropic work?" came up as it always does. To put it tersely, as was done, Are these clubs for purposes of *information* or *reformation*? Should they touch all sides of social life? A spirited discussion was entered into on this point. As yet the preponderance of sentiment seems to favor the position that the purely literary club is for the generation of energy which shall be expended, as opportunity offers, and in the proper channels, for the best interests of humanity; that as club women are, as a rule, the active factors in benevolent work, there is no reason why this work should be brought into the club



MRS. ALICE C. BAILY, OF DES MOINES,
The Federation's newly elected Recording Secretary.

itself. The solution of this problem must be left to the future.

Without a doubt the club is performing a real service in bringing women closer together, and in breaking down old-time barriers built up by an artificial social code. If this club era does nothing but establish a universal sisterhood, in which sympathy and good will go forth to all, it should be gladly welcomed. Mrs. Linden W. Bates, of Chicago, one of the distinguished women attending the convention, says touching this point :

"The movement of Federation seems to me a movement of altruism. Woman is not striving simply to acquire education for herself but to secure it for all. In the world's economy we have got past the age of force and have developed conditions that ethic principles must direct. Woman has always represented more than man the ethic and the altruistic. The alliance of the Federation with literature and art is of import because literature and art are the most enduring fruits of all ages, and because they give to truth through beauty its supremest power."

A glance at this gathering revealed the

fact that Iowa has many noble women to match her strong men. There was Mrs. Mary Newberry Adams,* that Roman-like matron who said, during the World's Fair, it would be impossible for this State to exhibit her finest products, for these were her children. Mrs. Adams is affectionately referred to as "the mother of clubs in Iowa." Of the same type is Mrs. L. F. Parker, of Grinnell, whose name is a synonym for strength and devotion to duty. There were, too, Mrs. J. G. Hutchison, of Ottumwa, active in both literary and philanthropic work ; that clear-headed, scholarly newspaper woman, Pauline Given Swalm ; Mrs. Ada Langworthy Collier, of Dubuque, known through the finished products of her pen ; Mrs. John Scott, of Nevada, whose home is a delightful rendezvous for clever people ; Mrs. H. E. (Alice Ilgenfritz) Jones,† author of several popular novels, the latest being "Beatrice," published in the *MIDLAND MONTHLY*, and about to appear in book form from a Chicago publishing house ; Mrs. Ellen M. Rich, of Iowa City, always a leader in educational movements ; Mrs. Anna Belknap Howe, of Marshalltown, who had the honor of being chosen president for the ensuing biennial period ; Mrs. James H. Windsor, of Des Moines, who has won unlimited praise by her faithful service as state chairman of correspondence of the General Federation ; Mrs. J. B. Harsh, of Creston ; Mrs. Horace Everett, of Council Bluffs ; Mrs. Nellie R. Cady,‡ of Marshalltown ; Mrs. John J. Seerley, of Burlington ; Mrs. S. H. Mallory, of Chariton, and others of equal prominence.

A coterie of newspaper women were the busy note-takers of the convention. It included Mrs. Martha Evarts Holden, the irrepressible "Amber" of the *Chicago Times-Herald*. This brilliant writer received a full share of homage. She is keen and witty, interesting in conversation, modest and unassuming, and singularly old-fash-



ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER, OF DUBUQUE,
The Federation's newly elected Auditor.

*Portrait in *MIDLAND* for May, 1895. †Portrait in *MIDLAND* for January, 1894. ‡Portrait in *MIDLAND* for August, 1894.



GROUP OF CLUB PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. Adaline M. Payne, Mrs. M. L. Bradford, Mrs. M. Ella Smyth, Annie L. Mallory, Mrs. W. N. Gilbert,
Nevada. Marshalltown. Marion. Charlton. State Center.
Mrs. Wilda M. Coder, Mrs. J. P. Miles, Della G. Dier,
Glidden. Oelwein. Le Mars.
Alice E. Blair, Mrs. C. D. Conaway, Mrs. S. A. Lee, Mrs. H. L. Rann,
Marshalltown. Brooklyn. Toledo. Manchester.

ioned in her way of thinking. "What do I think will be the result of all this organization among women? Why, I believe it will have just as much effect as a breeze blowing over a poppy-bed. It will rustle the leaves a little while," she said.

Miss Bertha D. Knobe is a wide-awake, college-bred young woman, who, though scarcely out of her teens, is at the head of the Woman's Department of the Chicago *Tribune*. She made many friends, both by the fairness with which she re-

ported the proceedings, and by her evident sincerity of purpose and winning personality.

Miss May Rogers,* of Dubuque, one of the leading club women of the state, and Miss Mary L. Bradley, of Cedar Rapids, also prominent in club work, furnished full and able reports for the Cedar Rapids papers.

The newly elected officers were Mrs. Anna B. Howe, of Marshalltown, president; Mrs. Mary W. Cogswell, of Cedar Rapids, vice-president; Mrs. Jessie M.

*Portrait in MIDLAND for May, 1895.



GROUP OF DELEGATES.

Mrs. Cora B. Busby,
Marion.

Mrs. Nellie L. Brush,
Osage.

Mrs. Helen M. Hawley,
Manchester.

Mrs. C. J. Wonser,
Tama.

Mrs. Myra C. Glick,
Marshalltown.

Mrs. C. E. Risser,
Des Moines.

Mrs. E. W. Foy,
Jefferson.

Mrs. Mary U. Wheeler,
Manchester.

Mrs. E. J. Ingham,
Toledo.

Mrs. Roswell P. Dart,
Des Moines.

Miss Margaret Mahon,
Ottumwa.

Mrs. James Mariott,
Brooklyn.

Mrs. Jennie L. Dunkle,
Glidden.

Mrs. Alice G. Fletcher,
Marshalltown.

Mrs. Parker,
State Center.

Mrs. Col. Scott,
Nevada.

Mrs. L. W. Robbins,
Marshalltown.

Mrs. R. S. Dee,
Brooklyn.

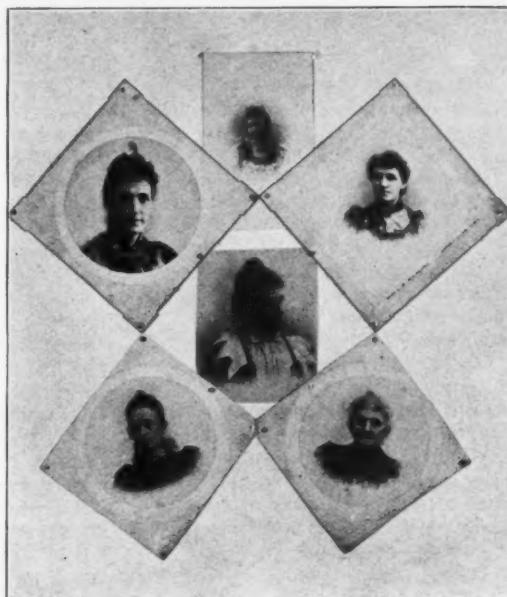
Mrs. F. W. Parsons,
Marshalltown.

Mrs. T. R. Alexander,
Marion.

Thayer, of Chariton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Alice C. Baily, of Des Moines, recording secretary; Miss Mabel V. Dixon, of Ottumwa, treasurer; Mrs. Ada Langworthy Collier, of Dubuque, auditor.

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and whose presence graced all the meetings, thus epitomizes the Federation movement:

"Civilization has now entered the social phase. We have great organizations for economic, industrial, moral and religious development. We have plenty of literature, art and science, and what we need above all is to enlarge and enrich the social life, and create a power which will bring into the life of the *people* these great forces. The chief concern of the nineteenth century is to raise the average. It is no advantage that one or two people should stand out unless they are pledged to the principle of giving their talents to work for the whole. And it is just along these lines of thought that the state federations are needed,—to make of women better citizens, wiser educators, and a finer social force. A meeting of a state federation such as this represents the democratic principle of the greatest good to the largest num-



GROUP OF DELEGATES.

Catharine C. Taylor,

Ottumwa

Elizabeth L. Sloanaker, Mrs. L. F. Beckman,
Newton. Emmetsburg.

Mrs. J. L. Bracken,
Mrs. E. E. Triem, Tama. Mrs. A. B. Waldroff,
La Porte. La Porte.

ber. The women who have attended as delegates return to their homes with the reports which embody the best thought of the best elements of the state, and they carry with them the inspiration of the extension of the thought and privileges of the few to the many. The high average of personal beauty and health of these Iowa women speaks well, not only for the social life, but for the physical future of Iowa."

THE CAPTAIN OF LA GASCOGNE.

A THOUSAND souls with safety borne,—
No anxious look or faint appeal;
They're happy in their child-like trust,
For there's a hero at the wheel.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

H. G. H.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE man who deliberately sits down to write a comic life of Napoleon is ready for burial. His name is John Kendrick Bangs, and his book is "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica."

* * *

YOUNG writers may find encouragement in the statement that Kipling, whose last short story brought him \$1,000, couldn't find a publisher for his first two or three stories and finally, in desperation, sold them outright for three pounds.

* * *

THE *Journalist* has suspended. When the newspaper men of the country let their money go out for reading matter, they spend it on books and periodicals that take them over the hills and far away, not back to the everlasting grind.

* * *

WE SHALL miss Kate Field's *Washington*. It had a personality more positive than that of any other periodical known to us. In the main it was agreeably personal; but once or twice in a while it was disagreeably so. The reason assigned for its suspension is the ill-health of its editor and publisher.

* * *

THE new school of Scottish writers is an interesting study. Turning from the Yellow Book cynicism of hot-house London to the simple tales of the Scottish lowlands is like going from a crowded theater on a hot night out into the open air where the breathing is good. With all their dry humor, how grandly serious these Scotchmen are! Barrie, Crockett, and the rest recall that other Scotchman who, with all his weaknesses, was worth to the world more than a whole army of drawing-room "celebrities" of the period. Carlyle, of whom we speak, was once called out of doors to witness the grandeur and beauty of the night. He looked long upon the glory of the moon and the glory of the stars and then, shaking his head, exclaimed, "It's a sad sight!" and forthwith returned to his books.

IN THE growing towns of the midland region there is a gratifying activity in the removal of the old landmarks between "mine and thine," and, along with the removal of fences, the cultivation of continuous lawns from one intersecting street to another, the stretch of green broken only by the necessary driveways, these made slightly by rounded curbing. The beautifying of streets is one of the most effective methods of encouraging the growth of a city; and more than that, it adds immeasurably to every resident's enjoyment of his surroundings.

* * *

THE overdoing of illustration, the turning of literary magazines into mere picture-books, has received a check in England. The shrewd publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, have measured and taken advantage of the reaction. The sale of their new periodical, *Chapman's Magazine*, reached 70,000 copies in May, and that without a single illustration. Notwithstanding this remarkable reaction, in our judgment the coming magazine will be illustrated; but the illustration will be subordinate to the reading matter, and not the reading matter to the pictures.

* * *

THE Women's Clubs of Wisconsin and the Federation of Women's Clubs in Iowa are prominent features in this number, to the exclusion of much editorial matter,—and deservedly prominent, for the club movement among women is one of the most promising movements of this era, one which all broad-minded men hail with gratification. Far from jeopardizing the future of the home, it demonstrably enriches our home life, bringing thereto a culture which greatly adds to its attractiveness. Blest are the men who marry into, and the children who are born into, homes permeated by the influence of clubs which have for their general object the betterment of humanity and the development and enrichment of home life.

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

MUNSEY has just wakened to the fact that page after page of half-tone reproductions from German photographs, with edited newspaper paragraphs thrown around them, is not quite all there is of magazine making. He now calls for stories—real good stories. He is to be commended in his laudable effort to supplement picture-making with literature. Alluding to the thousands of inane and flat stories he has printed because, as he says, he couldn't get any better ones to print, Munsey thus delivers himself: "This magazine has published far too many such stories. . . . After this (April) issue there will be no more stories in *Munsey's Magazine* unless they seem to us to be worth reading." Not very complimentary to Messrs. Carryl and Corbett and Miss Isabel J. Roberts, whose stories appear in that issue, nor to the story-writers who were contributors to previous issues. After this strong promise to "reform it altogether," the reader naturally turned to the May *Munsey* to find out what its editor regards as a real good story, and what earnest he gives of his reform. Two stories grace the May number.

One is the story of "Colt, Soldier and Gentleman." Colt is a San Francisco hoodlum, son of an Irish hod-carrier and a German baker. He worked his way into West Point and thus into government service on the plains. He fell in love with Helen Stanberry, a millionaire's daughter. Once, in expectation of a losing fight with Indians, he planned suicide, with the regulation love-letter to his lady-love. He sent the letter to Helen, but afterwards concluded to live. Helen and her father did the rest. "She never even let me come to the point," he "lightly" remarked to a brother officer. Not much of a literary reform here, surely! One cannot help comparing this character-picture by Mr. Lloyd with that which Mr. Hough has so vigorously drawn in "Belle's Roses," in this number of this magazine—the character of Captain Jordan.

The other story, "Young Doctor Jarvis," is published anonymously. The young Doctor loved a maid who transferred her easily transferable affections to a rich old Mr. Morton. Miss Morris called him in to minister to her venerable lover. After saving his life a scene occurred which told him Estelle still loved him, but felt bound by her engagement—though why she couldn't break one engagement as well as another does not appear. The Doctor leaves his patient an overdose of aconite,—"enough to kill three men,"—and goes away to await re-

sults. A tame sort of remorse follows. He learns of Mr. Morton's death, but finds, to his relief, that the nurse overturned the glass containing the aconite and, taking the nurse's hand, he coolly says, "I think—I think it was the will of God." Here the story ends—the comforting inference being that the reformed engagement-breaker and man with murder in his heart, who had proven himself to be scoundrelly false to his profession as he was morally weak, were by God's will thus released of any further embarrassment—"and they were married," etc. If this be the beginning of Mr. Munsey's literary reform, what will the end be!

A POET discovered by THE MIDLAND a year or more ago has found, in the May *Arena*, an appreciative interpreter. "A Poet of the Northwest" is the title of a paper by James Realf, Jr., and the subject of the sketch is Doane Robinson, a young lawyer of Gary, S. D. Mr. Robinson's most appreciated work is written in the dialects of the Dakota prairies, chiefly American and Skandinavian. It presents various unlovely characters, with just a glimpse now and then of the angel, well concealed from their respective neighbors. The best of the poems selected as illustrating Mr. Robinson's style is "Tina." A rough Skandinavian gives his wife of thirty years due credit for being economical and all around a "first-tret worker vooman." He admits that he himself has been to her a "very gude boss-fellar." He finds Vooman to be "much queer peoples." He opines that men must be pretty stern with them or they'll "yoin" the suffrage crowd. Here comes in his brutality:

"Better den, ay tank, to mek her
Valk op strel ven shaifp I say,
Lak shae tank ay goin' to kik her,
Ven ay call by breckin day,
'Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op . . ."

Then comes in the sentiment, which those who grasp the dialect will find:

"Voss ay haer dese tal me, doctor?
Tina never vake no more?
Dese bae makin' funny, doctor:
Open mae dose baderoom door!
Tina, Tina, ay baeen coomin',
Sweet, gude Tina, haer mae quveek,
Ay not ogly, ay not bossin';
Tina, gudewife, haer man speak;
'Coom, Tina, op haer, vake op . . ."

"THE ABC of Municipal Reform," by George L. Perin, D. D., is the leading paper in the May *To-day*, of Philadelphia. The diagnosis of the evil calling for reform is correct and clear; but when we look further for something that shall serve us in applying a remedy, we find only the wisdom of the rest of us—which, alas! is chiefly foolishness.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

"The Story of Christine Rochefort"** has in it the indefinable something which tells us it is true to life. One need not have dwelt in rural France to be able to say the characters and the scenery are pictured by one who knows and feels whereof she testifies. The book has the artist touch. It traverses experiences that are universal, which kinsfolk recognize with the whole world over. And it has, too, the spirit of the locality which imparts a delicious local flavor to the universal. The story is located in the little gray town of Blois, on the Loire, with its background of forest. It is a cathedral town and it has a history. "The kings that gave it fame in the far-off years have passed away, but the courtly robe they threw over their favorite place, though frayed and faded, is still worn with a royal air, and, to the 'inward eye' and ear, shadows and echoes of the past are more real than the affairs of to-day." Here lived the scheming Countess d'Arcy with her two daughters, the beautiful Christine and the haughty and plain Blanche, and her materialistic and atheistic mother, Marquise du Chatelet,—all poor and very proud. In the neighborhood lived Madame Rochefort, a good caterer and cook, whom fate had unkindly made rich through the thrift of her dead husband, a chocolate manufacturer, and her son, Gaston, a healthy, handsome young man who had succeeded his father in business. Christine won Gaston's love at first sight and they were married. The caste spirit, which separated Christine from her people, on the one side, and from her husband's employés on the other, is well pictured. An agitator appears upon the scene, the well-born de Martel, who inspires Christine with a mission, the partial working out of which is the story of Christine Rochefort. The young wife found pleasure in the companionship of her ardent lover-husband; but she had found in him no response to her heart longings to be and do something in and for the world of sin, suffering, and sorrow about her. She lived a life of repression after marriage as before. Her heart was touched by Martel's appeal on behalf of humanity and her sympathies carried her beyond the bounds of prudence in meetings oft and conferences many with the man with a mission. Her husband, ignorant of her

inner life, went on worshiping her and yet refusing her soul growth, and not until events revealed her true nature to him, and not until the revelation broke down the self-erected barriers between him and his wife, did he call forth from her the love she felt for him, which had been almost latent all these years. Meantime events arose which developed Gaston's character. Strikes occurred in his factory and deeds of violence followed—the results of Martel's teachings. In all these trying circumstances Gaston rose superior to passion and prejudice and became a practical reformer, an evolutionist as opposed to Martel, the revolutionist. The story is a vivid picture of the impinging of new industrial conditions upon the simple village life of the past.

"Coin's Financial School" has at least done the country one service. It has hastened an inevitable issue. The longer the silver question remains unsettled, the slower and less satisfactory will be the country's return to normal trade conditions. We must first settle the value of our dollar before we can expect men to reach very far into the future after business. In the East the lines are drawn between the monometalists on the one side and the two rival camps of bimetallists on the other. In the middle and far western states the question lies between the radical and the conservative bimetallists, and may briefly be stated thus: Shall we at once proceed to restore silver to its former place beside gold; or shall we first secure the co-operation of the great powers of Europe without which our proposed bimetallism might prove to be only silver monometallism? Far from being alarmed at Mr. Harvey's clever special plea for silver, we regard the interest taken in "Coin's Financial School" as a hopeful indication. We take pleasure in recommending to those who really want both sides of the question the little work entitled, "Coin at School in Finance,"* by George E. Roberts, editor of the Ft. Dodge *Messenger*, a master-mind in finance and a close reasoner. Mr. Roberts' book is interesting as well as instructive and corrective. Between the two books the reader ought to be able to form a fair and safe judgment as to the question of the hour. The Honest Money League of Illinois strongly recommends Mr. Roberts' book, a high compliment to the Iowa author.

* "The Story of Christine Rochefort," by Helen Choate Prince. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.—L. B. Abdill, Des Moines, bookseller; \$1.25.

*W. B. Conkey & Company, Chicago, publishers; 25 cents.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The prizes awarded by the respective committees to whom the several classes of contributions to the March 30th competition were referred, are as follows:

For the best Original Descriptive Paper, \$20—Mrs. Barbara Garver, of Des Moines. Title, "Starting a City in Ranchland."

For the best Original Story, \$20, to Marguerite Chambers Kellar, of Hot Springs, South Dakota. Title, "The Tragic Trees."

For the best Original Poem, \$10—Leigh Gordon Giltner, of Eminence, Ky. Title, "Insatiate."

The poem appears in the present number; the story and descriptive paper will appear in future numbers.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Hints to Authors as to How and Where to Sell Their MSS." Manuscript Exchange, Cleveland, O.

"A Bunch of Western Clover," by Ella Higginson, Edson & Irish, New Whatcom, Wash.

"The Fable of the Ass," by George A. Taylor. C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco, Calif.

"Thanksgiving Souvenir," by May Phillips Tatro, Westport, S. D.

"A Voice in the Wilderness," by Maria Weed, Laird & Lee, Chicago, publishers. 50 cents.

A STRONG FEATURE FOR THIS MONTH.

The most thrilling true story of adventure that has been newly told in many a year is one which that fearless and devoted student of science, Professor Frank Russell, of the Iowa State University, has prepared for publication in THE MIDLAND. Get out your map and trace the Macken-

zie river of British America from its far southern source north to the Arctic Ocean, entering the ocean north and east of the northernmost Alaska line. Professor Russell alone, except as accompanied by an Indian guide, made this hard and perilous journey, encountering obstacles which would have daunted almost any other man, meeting with adventures which thrill the reader, as with eloquently simple truthfulness he tells his story. The three papers referred to are illustrated with about thirty views, taken by Professor Russell on his journey of scientific exploration. This successful journey, covering more than two years and a half and over eighteen thousand miles, has deeply interested the scientific world, and placed science under many obligations to the hardy and brave young explorer. The story this month begun in THE MIDLAND is a true story of adventure and not a scientific treatise, and it promises to command a wide and intensely interested reading.

Another story has been booked, from Mr. Heywood, author of the popular "Hegerland Diamond."

Howard Tedford, of the *Ringgold Record*, Mt. Ayr, will contribute to a future number a short story of a Kansas editor's experiences.

"Belle's Roses" will conclude in the July number, when a brief sketch of the author will appear.

The second paper of Professor Russell will take the reader on a caribou hunting trip in the Great Slave Lake region.

"The Athens of Iowa Methodism," by Hon. B. F. Clayton, in the July MIDLAND.

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Publishers Notes.—Continued.

Ladies who would interest their friends in their club work should send them the June *MIDLAND*. Copies may be obtained by writing the publisher direct, or by ordering them of local newsdealers, who can obtain them from the Western News Company, the *MIDLAND*'s sole agent for the retail trade.

Thus endeth the third volume. *THE MIDLAND* completes the volume with every promise more than redeemed, and with a wealth of good reading, both in hand and promised, for the fourth volume. With large additions every month to its subscription list and news stand sales, the future of the magazine is full of promise. Advertisers are beginning to see that *THE MIDLAND* has direct access to the best people in the Midland States, and that its advertising department has a direct cash value to them.

"Hi Hapgood's Wife," by Maud Merdith, is a recent desirable acceptance.

Senator Allison, ex-Congressman Conger (late Minister to Brazil), Major Byers, a life-long friend, and C. M. Junkin, a fellow-townsmen, will in the July *MIDLAND* pay tribute of respect and regard to the late James F. Wilson. A portrait of Senator Wilson, also a fine picture of Mr. Wilson when he first entered congress, will appear with these papers.

Rev. J. L. Coppoc, brother of "the Coppoc boys," prominent in the history of the John Brown raid, has promised for the July *MIDLAND* a paper on John Brown and his followers, which will throw new light upon history. The paper will be accompanied by several rare old portraits never before made public.

Mr. L. H. Fuller, of Chicago, will next month have a beautifully illustrated description of a deer hunt in the Missoula Valley of Montana.

Leigh Leslie, of the Chicago *Record*, will next month contribute a sketch of his friend and former townsman of Galena, the late James W. Scott, of the Chicago *Times-Herald*. A fine portrait of the great publisher will accompany the sketch.

Ex-Governor Carpenter has in preparation for the July *MIDLAND* a paper descriptive of the historic events leading down to the Indian Massacre of Spirit Lake. Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, sole survivor of the massacre, will give a description of the massacre as she recalls it. These articles will be accompanied with numerous illustrations. As the Spirit Lake monument celebration will be held in July, these articles are as timely as they will be interesting.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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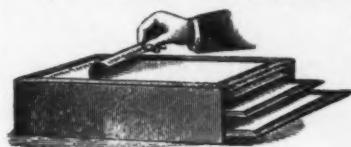
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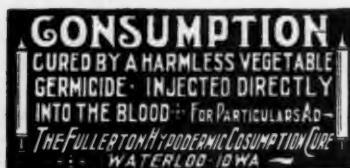
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There never was any doubt of its literary success and, now that the business venture has proved successful, the magazine will be even more successful than in the past.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

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Representative Newspaper Judgment.

New Jersey—THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, an illustrated magazine published at Des Moines, Iowa, is one of the coming literary publications of the West. The work of some of the leading authors appears on its pages, and it offers cash prizes to amateur writers.—Trenton Star.

Nebraska—Since we have an *Atlantic Monthly* and an *Overland Monthly*, it is

or might be gratifying to have also a *MIDLAND MONTHLY*. A little sectionalism is a wholesome thing, and the states between the mountains are doing well in beginning to realize that they may do something more than supply audiences. The magazine will succeed if it is edited discriminately and can command the best material.—Lincoln News.

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Representative Newspaper Judgment.

Indiana—The complaint is made by critical readers of the Eastern magazines that the same names appear with wearisome frequency in the list of contributors. They do not object, necessarily, to the matter contributed by these persons, but merely express a distaste for monotony. That they are unreasonable is plain, for if they want new names let them take up other magazines. Here, for instance, in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, published at Des Moines, Iowa, are Samantha Whipple Shoup, Harry Wellington Wack, Albina Marilla Letts, Georgiana Hodgkins, Della Dimmitt, Barthinius L. Wick, Eva Paull Van Slyke, Eva Katharine Clapp, Mary A. Kirkup, and others, none of which has the hackneyed familiarity complained of. And as THE MIDLAND is an enterprising magazine, with a laudable purpose of offering to its patrons the best litera-

ture it can obtain, it is not at all unlikely that the Shoups, the Wacks, the Wicks, and the rest, will presently be as well known to the world as the Wilkinses, the Wigginses, the Smiths and the Davises of the East.—Indianapolis Journal.

Louisiana -- Our friends and neighbors from the Hawkeye state who have subscribed to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY have been treated to a fine Louisiana story just ended. The author, Alice Ilgenfritz Jones, lived for several years at Lake Charles, and is personally familiar with the scenes and people she writes about in such a delightful manner. Our beautiful Teche country was never more truthfully portrayed, and one fancies that it would not be a difficult matter to drive up to that particular deserted old plantation house once so abundantly and gloriously alive.—Jennings Times.

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All Around Comment.

Iowa — It is such a good magazine that I try to interest all my friends to take it.—J. J. Gray, Davenport.

Wisconsin — I find THE MIDLAND very interesting and helpful.—J. P. Rawson, Madison.

California — I have been intending for some time to send you my hearty congratulations on the success of your venture, and the splendid work you are doing for literature in the Middle West. I am glad you are doing for the Middle West what the *Overland Monthly* has been trying to do for the past twenty-seven years for the Pacific Coast, giving our own people their own literature. We consider you as a co-laborer in this field.—Rounseville Wildman, editor *Overland Monthly*, San Francisco.

Idaho — I place much confidence in THE MIDLAND, and think I see a very bright future for it.—Miss Emma Edwards, Boise City.

Pennsylvania — The bright miscellanies of the MONTHLY.—Felix L. Oswald, Allegheny.

Washington — I am interested in the magazine that is such a credit to my native state.—Herbert Bashford, Tacoma.

Iowa — THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, the magazine that Iowans are so much interested in, is still gay with its golden corn-spray on the front cover, and as good as gold within. The stories are excellent, the illustrations are all in fine half-tone, and the mechanical work of the magazine is high in merit. THE MIDLAND is doing its very best to fill a want in the literary circles of this great state, and it is accomplishing grand results in drawing out the talents that have been hitherto so sadly concealed here for the mere want of a proper channel of usefulness.—Davenport Democrat.

Massachusetts — A promising magazine, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, has a fine list of contributors, and is developing scores of talented unknowns, some of whom will in time be better known.—Public Spirit, Ayer.

Minnesota — The sketches and stories are excellent. THE MIDLAND continues to improve in its literary quality and illustrations.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for April is full of all kinds of good things for Iowa readers. THE MIDLAND is the choicest magazine we have ever had in Iowa.—Dubuque Herald.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY promises an article in the June number which will interest the women of Wisconsin. Miss Fanny K. Earl, of Lake Mills, will write of The Women's Clubs of Wisconsin. THE MIDLAND is a western magazine. It aims to represent this section of the country. It is published at Des Moines, Iowa. The May number is unusually attractive. Its papers and illustrations are excellent and are a credit to this part of the country.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE MIDLAND is essentially a western American magazine, and should receive a liberal support from western people.—Emmet, Idaho, Index.

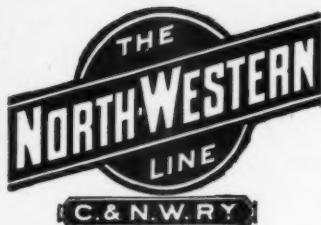
We are proud of the rank the magazine has won for itself.—W. H. Wynn, Professor English Literature and History, Iowa State Agricultural College.

A magnificent magazine.—G. A. Wellstein, Monroe, Wis.

Major Byers pleasingly pictures the Spirit Lake region.—Baltimore News.

We have watched the growth of the magazine with a good deal of interest and congratulate its editor on its assured success.—Record, Mt. Ayr.

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